# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

## FARMER STEBBINS AT THE BAT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN:— BROOKLYN, *July* 5th.
We got here safe, my good old wife an' me,
An' then I strolled out to the Park, to see what I could see.
Some fellows there was playin' ball—an' with a waggish smile,
One chap inquired of me if I wouldn't like to play awhile;
For I'd made some remarks about the way the game was run,
An' maybe I'd take hold, he said, an' show 'em how 'twas done.

I used to play, some years ago, when youth still lingered near,
Before three hundred pounds of flesh impaired my runnin' gear;
An' so I said, "All right, I'm in; I'll give the ball a whack,
For I don't like to have my age invite me to stan' back";
An' so I spoke up to'm an' said, with quite a limber tongue,
"I'll show you how we used to play when your old dads was young."

"Of course you'll stan' up to the rules?" the waggish chap inquired;
"An' will you pitch or catch?" Says I, "I'll catch, if so desired."
An' then they brought a muzzle out an' strapped it to my head,
To keep my mug from gettin' scraped by some one's bat, they said;
But I didn't mind; I says, "All right; just trim me up complete,
Providin' you don't tie no wires aroun' my hands nor feet."

But when I caught their pesky ball, I yelled out with a groan,
"Good sakes alive! I didn't suppose you played it with a stone!"
Then they all laughed, and says, "Of course this ain't no two old cat!"
An' laughed again, when I remarked, "I'm sensible of that;
But when *we* used to play base-ball, we wouldn't have thought 'twas smart
To pelt each other with a chunk of old man Pharaoh's heart!"

Then they all laughed again, an' said I'd better take the field;
An' I remarked, "I'm used to that" (a fact quite unconcealed);
An' so I toddled off, an' stood, without a word to say,
Until "a hot ball," as they said, came purrin' down my way;
It landed somewhere on my frame, uncommon hard an' square,
An' I laid down, reached up my han's, an' wildly clasped it there.

An' then they laughed an' cheered, an' said I'd "caught it on the fly."
"I caught it on my stomach, if I'm any judge," says I.
An' then they laughed an' cheered some more, an' said, "Our side is in,
An' it is our turn at the bat, an' your turn to begin."
An' then I grasped the weapon tight, an' says unto them all,
"I'll show you how to serve a hard an' unregenerate ball."

The fellow that propelled the thing wouldn't throw it square an' straight;
He'd make a sort of cow-like kick, an' pitch it like a quait;
An' when I struck, with my whole firm of muscle, brain, an' heart,
The fierce blow found the ball an' club some several rods apart;
An' leanin' up an hittin' 'gainst the atmosphere instead,
Produced an unforeseen result, an' laid me on my head.


(*Continued on page 30.*)

"Unsurpassed among serials for children."—*Saturday Review, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*The number for January 8th contains several notable contributions. In fiction there is "Faithful Johnnie," by* LUCY C. LILLIE; *"My Little Casabianca," by* KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS; *"The Peasant Girl's Prisoner," by* ADELE M. FIELDE; *and the third instalment of "Captain Polly," by* SOPHIE SWETT.

*In this number also is printed the first of a short series of articles entitled*

"HOW CAN I GET THE BEST OF THE DOCTOR?"

BY WATSON L. SAVAGE, M.D.

*The principal illustration in this number is an engraving by* CHARLES BAUDE *of* GEOFFROY'S *picture "Sortie de Classe" (School is Out).*

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1889.

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*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## THE PEOPLE AND THE POLITICIANS.

THE *Epoch* remarks very truly that the constant and persistent pressure upon General HARRISON'S time and attention since his election has come from the politicians and not from the people. Probably there is scarcely a man who has been to Indianapolis to see the President-elect who was not in some way, directly or indirectly, "on the make," seeking for himself or another some kind of personal advantage. Unquestionably General HARRISON receives them all with this suspicion, and hears the information and the advice proffered him with patient politeness and consciously increasing ignorance. The visitors in large part are self-constituted counsellors whose value as real representatives of public sentiment it is difficult for their host to estimate. His only safe course is to generalize from his personal knowledge of the character and quality of such gentlemen in Indiana. He will then understand how to judge them more accurately. The *Epoch* holds that whatever view General HARRISON may take of the persons who occupy his time, he can always count upon the constancy of the rank and file of his party. This will be a happy thought for him.

It will suggest to him that he can safely trust his own estimate of his own party. The politicians who hasten to enlighten him upon this subject carry coals to Newcastle. General HARRISON has been long in active politics. Indiana is not destitute of party politicians, and he knows them well and their ways. He also knows how far they represent the intelligence and spirit of his party. That honest and patriotic men suffer themselves to be led by the nose and submit to vote for candidates whom they despise and to support measures which they do not approve, merely as a choice of evils, holding the success of the other party at any point to be the greatest of all possible evils, General HARRISON knows as well as the rest of us. Perhaps he thinks it a necessary defect of the party system. But he does not necessarily suppose that such men are grieved when such politicians fail to carry their private schemes, or are in the least degree inclined to revenge upon the President the disappointments of the "visiting statesmen." The President-elect will certainly save himself a vast amount of trouble if he will trust the intelligence and patriotism of his party which stay at home and do not send representatives to Indianapolis, but of whose existence he is fully aware. They acquiesce indolently and good-naturedly in the performances of the politicians, but nevertheless they, and not the politicians, are the Republicans to heed.

For instance, General HARRISON would be stronger in New York if he should rely upon the spirit of his party, which is shown in Mr. CHOATE'S "undisguised impertinence" resolution at the Union League Club, rather than upon a course taken to please "the boys." The kind of force and confidence produced by upright and vigorous persistence in commanding the approval of the "best sentiment" in a party is something which "the boys" are too shrewd to oppose. This was the course of the HAYES administration. "The boys" sneered at it as "Sunday-school politics," and the politicians echoed Mr. CONKLING'S scoffs and scorns. But, as we have said before, the HAYES administration gave the Republican party an undisputed title to the succession in 1880. The President-elect may wisely judge for himself the feeling of his party, and act accordingly. Nor will he or any President err in holding a high view of it. The more contemptible the estimate which the head of a party places upon its standards, its morale, and its character, the more worthy of contempt will it become. But beyond this better sentiment in his party lies the same sentiment in the country at large, upon which also, in every endeavor to place himself above faction and to aim solely at the public welfare, the new President may safely rely. This is a sentiment which does not send delegations to Indianapolis, nor will it take part at Washington in scrambling for the crumbs of patronage. But it is a powerful and wide-spread sentiment, of which as General HARRISON thinks during the copious conversation of his self-elected counsellors, it probably occurs to him that he has not been elected chief of a party only, but President of the United States.

## GENERAL HARRISON UPON THE SUFFRAGE.

GENERAL HARRISON has broken his wise silence in a very decided manner. In a late speech to a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic he said that a free ballot, honestly expressed and fairly counted, is the main safeguard of our institutions, and that its suppression, under any circumstances, cannot be tolerated. This remark is in accord with his speech at Chicago last spring, and shows that his conviction upon the subject is very strong. Yet as the remark now reported is merely an expression of opinion upon a very grave public question, made by a President-elect without intimation of any practical course to be pursued, it would have been wisely omitted until he could speak with authority and with the detail of an official recommendation.

The Birmingham *Age*, in commenting upon some recent observations of HARPER'S WEEKLY upon this subject, says:

"There is no race problem in the North, and if there were five whites to one negro in the South there would be none in this section. The race problem comes of the nearly equal division of the two races, and is intensified where the blacks have a majority. The whites will not amalgamate or mix socially with the negroes, and will not submit to their political control."

The letter of Mr. WILLIAMS, of Greenville, South Carolina, which we printed recently, expresses substantially the same view. And Assistant Secretary of the Treasury THOMPSON, at the New England dinner in Charleston, said, amid great applause, that the race question as presented in the Southern States, and involving the suffrage, is one

"for which history has no precedent and experience no example—a question which, if it is ever to be settled properly, peacefully, and finally, must be settled by the people of the South, and by them alone."

By the people of the South the Secretary means, of course, the whites; and the phrase, as applied to a community where, as the *Age* says, the races are nearly divided, and both are under the law equal citizens and voters, shows the instinctive feeling of the dominant race. Meanwhile it is undeniable that the Republican treatment of the question since the war has revealed neither the consciousness that national legislation could remedy the difficulty nor the conviction that such legislation would be wise even if it were constitutional.

The interest of the whole country in the local suffrage upon national concerns, as in the election of a President and members of Congress, is evident enough, but the situation in many parts of the Southern States is exceedingly complicated, and the mere statement of the undoubted fact that a free ballot honestly expressed and fairly counted is the main safeguard of our institutions does not advance a practical solution. On the other hand, it is equally true that the declaration of the Birmingham *Age* that a minority would not submit to the majority, legally qualified and ascertained, is an un-American proposition, which also offers no solution of the problem. Secretary THOMPSON'S suggestion that the question should be left to the time and method which may commend themselves to the whites in the States especially concerned does not supply any answer to the question how long the rest of the country ought to acquiesce in a Congressional representation based upon a population of legal voters of whom a large part are either not permitted to cast their votes, or to have them counted when cast. But this is not the only menace to the suffrage. General HARRISON would not deny that corruption of the ballot is as bad as its suppression, and in a simple declaration of his respect for a free and honest vote he might wisely have alluded to the perils which beset it in his own State as well as those which menace it in other States. His remark naturally excites great interest to know what practical measures he will officially recommend to Congress to solve a very difficult situation.

## A SIGNIFICANT DINNER.

THE recent dinner of the Massachusetts Reform Club in Boston, at which a letter was read from the President, and at which Secretary FAIRCHILD spoke, was very significant. Its purpose was to declare untiring fidelity to the cause of tariff reform, and the enthusiasm which characterized the occasion, and the tone of the speeches and the letters, showed a spirit which is not daunted by the result of the late election. The character of the chief guests was not less suggestive of the quality of the movement, and the dinner was a striking sign of the earnestness and reality of the tariff reform agitation. But not less obviously it illustrated the fact that such reform is not a distinctive Democratic measure. Mayor RUSSELL, of Cambridge, who presided at the dinner, is a young Democrat, a hereditary Democrat, a Democrat of the new spirit, and Mr. FAIRCHILD, the chief speaker, is also a Democrat. But the chief guests were until very recently associated with the Republican party, and the occasion lacked decidedly in its leaders the distinctive Democratic character. Indeed in the late campaign it was plain that the chief issue had been forced upon the Democratic party. It accepted a situation which as a party it did not like. The nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND was unavoidable, but certainly it was not generally agreeable to the party. With his nomination his message became the necessary platform. But the enthusiasm and earnestness of the Democratic canvass were confined largely to the younger Democrats, like Mr. RUSSELL, and to tariff reformers of wholly Republican antecedents.

The Democratic tradition and party control are with Democrats like Governor HILL, and when independents call themselves Democrats and announce their adhesion to the Democratic party, they have in mind only those Democrats with whom they are in sympathy, and not the general spirit and tendency of the Democratic party. Were another Presidential election to occur this year Mr. CLEVELAND would hardly be the Democratic candidate, not because he has not enthusiastic friends in his party, nor because there is not a large Democratic sympathy with his tariff reform views, but because he is not the real representative of the party. It is clear also that Governor HILL would not be the candidate this year, or three years hence, but for a very different reason. It would be because there are Democrats enough in the State of New York who do not mean that he shall be President even if he should secure the nomination. This, indeed, is merely saying that the Democratic party is not united upon the question which has been made most prominent. To an observer who is not swayed by party feeling it is evident that while the party, from the necessity of the case, acquiesced in the leadership of its younger, aggressive, and progressive spirits, yet definite tariff reform was not an acceptable issue. It seems to such an observer unlikely that the same leadership will direct the action of the party in 1892, at the close of a Republican administration.

In other words, a great question like that of slavery or of the protective tariff must make its own party. It must subordinate other issues by the vitality of its hold upon its supporters. The Democratic party of which Governor HILL and other familiar politicians are leaders can no more become an earnest and effective tariff reform party than the old Whig party could become a resolute and aggressive antislavery organization. Neither can the friends of tariff reform who are within the Democratic party transform the party by their adhesion. Tariff reformers will naturally vote in a Congressional election for any candidate who is a sincere tariff reformer. But he will not be such a candidate because he is a Democrat. Mr. SEWARD was a good antislavery Whig, but his antislavery convictions became effective only when he and others, old Whigs and old Democrats, combined to form the Republican party. The rapid growth of a great tariff reform party, when once the farmers understand the situation, would be as surprising as that of the Republican party from 1853 to 1856, and from 1856 to 1860.

## "A ROARING FARCE."

THE *Civil Service Record* recently asked the newly elected Representatives in Congress in Massachusetts what course they thought the HARRISON administration should pursue in regard to appointments and removals. Two or three replied in substance that they thought it should pursue reform by turning out those whom President CLEVELAND had appointed for political reasons, and replacing, so far as practicable, those whom he had dismissed. This is a policy which is now frequently urged by Republicans. But it is merely a proposition to continue and aggravate the spoils system, which it is the purpose of reform to abolish. Any sensible Republican will see this upon a moment's reflection. The proposition is that Mr. CLEVELAND having turned out Republicans without regard to character or fitness, and only because they were Republicans, General HARRISON shall turn out Democrats for the same reason. Of course General HARRISON'S successor, if he should be a Democrat, would then pursue the same course. How soon, under this rule, would reform be accomplished? It is alleged that the removed officers, although Republicans, were honest and capable. But they had been generally appointed by Republican administrations for political reasons, and if, notwithstanding this, they were such good officers that it was a gross wrong to remove them, why is it not an equally gross wrong to remove equally good officers appointed for similar reasons by a Democratic administration?

Reform must begin under some administration, and it can begin only by retaining good officers, however they were appointed. If every administration should turn out all employés who were appointed upon the spoils principle we should never have reform, because the whole service, until the act of '83, was filled upon that principle. If General HARRISON would be

justified as a reformer in removing the Democrats whom Mr. CLEVELAND has appointed, certainly Mr. CLEVELAND as a reformer was justified in removing all the Republicans whom General ARTHUR and Mr. HAYES and General GRANT had appointed. Mr. ELIJAH A. MORSE, Representative-elect of the Second District in Massachusetts, says Mr. CLEVELAND'S course was a "stupendous roaring farce" of reform. What kind of a farce, then, would General HARRISON'S course be in doing precisely the same thing? The roaring farce lies in Mr. MORSE'S supposition that such a course upon General HARRISON'S part would "redeem the promises of the Republican party and favor civil service reform." On the contrary, Mr. MORSE recommends as mad a saturnalia of spoils as that of the JACKSON administration. To denounce Mr. CLEVELAND'S course as "sham reform," worthy of universal contempt, and then to trust that General HARRISON will imitate it, is to come tolerably near stultification.

It is the dull pressure of such ignorant partisan zeal as that shown by Mr. MORSE which General HARRISON, should he be well disposed toward reform, will find to be his chief difficulty. The principle which should have guided President CLEVELAND'S action in this matter should control President HARRISON'S. A non-political officer who is honest and capable, and not an offensive partisan, should be retained, for whatever reason he may have been appointed. If the new President or his heads of departments should undertake to satisfy themselves as to the character and efficiency of employés who have been displaced under this or any previous administration, they could attend to no other business. If they should take the word of advisers like Messrs. INGALLS, QUAY, PLATT, DUDLEY, MAHONE, and MORSE, the farce of reform would roar more loudly than ever. The only reasonable course, both in view of reform and of the proper transaction of the public business, is to require a real reason for changing the non-political employés of the government, and to regard with profound distrust the representations of their incompetency and of the general dissatisfaction with them which will be made by members of Congress and local politicians in order to get the present incumbents out and their own men in.

## THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

THE opening of the Players' Club on the last night of the year was a very pleasant incident. Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, wishing to make a friendly, fitting, agreeable, and useful gift to the fraternity of players in which he is so eminent, finally decided that a social club which should be distinctively, but not exclusively, the Players' Club, would serve the double purpose of bringing actors into more intimate acquaintance with each other, and, what is quite as important, with men of all other pursuits. With this admirable end in view he has bought a house on Gramercy Park, which he has caused to be fitted and finished for such a club, and on the recent night of St. Sylvester, surrounded by a distinguished and sympathetic company, in a few modest and pleasant words, he transferred the house, completely equipped, to the proper authorities of the club.

The gift is as munificent as the thought was happy. The hold of the acted drama upon public interest is not relaxed, but is constantly increasing. Simultaneously with the opening of the Players' Club the production of *Macbeth* in London by HENRY IRVING and Miss TERRY was one of the chief incidents in the news of the day—a production which promises to attract public attention for a longer time than any similar enterprise. And while the player's art is thus as fascinating as ever, the player's position as among men of other occupations is plainly and pleasantly changing.

It is largely the fault of the craft if they have largely held aloof from other interests than their own, and that they have been almost as distinct a class as monks and friars. The old ban of the Church is partly responsible for this situation, and the frown of the Puritan moralist denounced them long after the Puritan himself had disappeared. Mr. BOOTH'S purpose is coincident with the tendency of the time, and forecasts the participation of the player in all the movements of the community toward which he may feel disposed. His art is among the oldest of arts, and American society needs all the humanizing influences of all artists of whatever guild. The Players' Club, felicitously named by Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, is a sign of the appearance of a new social force which will be warmly welcomed.

## THE AMENITIES OF POLITICS.

WHEN President JEFFERSON was inaugurated, his predecessor, JOHN ADAMS, departed early on the morning of the ceremony, that he might not take part in it or see the beginning of the new *régime*. But before they died the two patriarchs of American independence, when the fires of party fury were spent, resumed their old friendly relations, and died together, happily and peacefully, on the jubilee of the great day. In 1800, however, the rage of party spirit was relentless, and the old Federalists assumed and believed when JEFFERSON was elected that the government had fallen into the hands of its enemies.

After the late election Mr. CLEVELAND was reported to have said that the result was not personal, but simply a decision of the country upon a certain policy. This is undoubtedly what an election should be. The candidate is but a representative, and when personal considerations are necessarily and justifiably introduced into the canvass, it is because of want of circumspection upon the part of the nominating convention. But in a normal election, where personal character is not involved, the plea that one candidate is abler than the other is of no avail, because he is supported for his views and not for his ability. In the late election, as Mr. CLEVELAND truly holds, the contest was between policies, not persons.

It follows that the most courteous feeling may subsist between the two candidates after the election, and it is pleasant to read in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that there has been an interchange of letters between the President and his elected successor, and between Mrs. CLEVELAND and Mrs. HARRISON, and also between the present and future private secretary. Mrs. CLEVELAND has warmly invited Mrs. HARRISON and her husband to be guests at the White House before the inauguration. The ladies have further corresponded upon household matters, while the President has instructed General HARRISON upon the routine business of the executive office. This is an agreeable illustration of that amenity which sometimes tempers the unreason and bitterness of party controversy, and also of the universal and tranquil acquiescence in the result of a national election which involves a complete change of party ascendency in the government.

## SOME SUGGESTIONS BY GOVERNOR HILL.

WE have spoken elsewhere of Governor HILL'S remarks in his message upon ballot reform and high license. Some of his other suggestions are remarkable for their crudity or for their merely speculative character. He renews his recommendation of the abolition of the Board of Regents of the University and of the State Board of Charities. But in neither case does he attempt to show that the public work intrusted to those boards would be performed more effectively or economically than at present.

The Board of Regents, for instance, is an unpaid body who are trustees of the State Library and Museum, who are associated in the State boundaries survey, and who distribute the State grants to academies, and who charter colleges and academies, and exercise general supervision over them. This work is done quietly and effectively, and there is no complaint. The method of their appointment, if rather disproportioned to their functions, is yet an indication of the respect paid by the State to the interests of the higher education. If the whole educational system were to be reconstructed, as was proposed in the Constitutional Convention of 1867, its details might be in some respects changed. But there is no reason to suppose that the abolition recommended by the Governor would be of any public benefit whatever. Among his crude and grotesque propositions is that the failure of a citizen to vote should be made an offence punishable by law. It would be wiser, one would think, to prohibit unintelligent or indifferent voting than to insist upon it under a penalty. The Governor also recommends a six years' Presidential term without re-eligibility. This is a change widely and wisely desired.

But he proposes also that retired Presidents shall become Senators for life, with a proper salary. He admits that the public mind is not ready for such a scheme, and he states no reason why it should be favored except a desire to do honor to citizens who have filled the highest office. Such a plan assumes that Presidents are always selected for superior ability and eminence of public service. But acute observers are inclined to think that they are selected rather for an "availability" which is due to other reasons. Such suggestions of the Governor, like his former devices to win the sympathy of the "labor vote," are curiously jejune. Propositions for amending the Constitution of the United States should be submitted by the Governor of New York to the Legislature only for reasons which can be strongly stated and ably maintained. In his remarks upon prison labor the Governor says with truth that convicts should be employed, and that they cannot be employed usefully without some competition with outside labor. He might have added that the attempt to provide them with useless occupation, therefore, should be abandoned, and the question of prison labor should be settled upon sound penal principles, which contemplate the welfare of the prisoner as well as of the State.

## PROSPECTS OF BALLOT REFORM AND HIGH LICENSE.

GOVERNOR HILL'S inaugural address was full of fine sentiments which everybody approves. There was nothing in it to which any exception could be taken. But, as the boys say, it was in his message that the Governor "got down to business." His denunciation of the alarming use of money at elections was timely and in accordance with the best public sentiment, and his remarks naturally introduced a discussion of a ballot reform bill as a means of correcting the abuse. The Governor thinks such a law desirable, and he gives his views of what it ought to be, but he does not succeed in showing how such a scheme as he recommends would remove the evils which are to be reformed.

The chief objects of a bill are to destroy pretexts for money assessments upon candidates, to secure the secrecy of the ballot, and to prevent bribery. In order to accomplish these results the SAXTON bill provides that the ballots shall be printed at the public expense, that the voters shall select their ballots in secret, and that only ballots certified by proper officers shall be deposited. Governor HILL would let anybody print the ballots, and would dispense with certification. The consequence would be that the old pretext for assessments would remain, and that corruption would be about as practicable as it is now. For effectual security, both of secrecy and of independent voting, the SAXTON bill provides the means, while the Governor's scheme does not.

The Governor's remarks upon license legislation are the familiar statements. People, he says, substantially, cannot be made temperate by legislation, and in enacting laws we must consider human nature. These are truths the whole value of which lies in their practical application. No license law yet proposed has either assumed that people could be made good by law or has forgotten human nature. But when the Governor asserts that public opinion does not demand a higher license than the present rate, and assumes to prove it by showing that the average of license fees is lower than the maximum which the law allows, he forgets to state a fact which Mr. MILLER mentioned in the campaign, that in the county of Herkimer, to which the Governor alludes, the Republican towns placed the fees as high as the law permits, while the Democratic towns, which supported the Governor, who does not forget the fact, the fees were very low. This trickery of figures betrays in the Governor's remarks upon the subject a want of candor which destroys their value. The conclusion to be drawn from the message is that an effective ballot reform bill and high license bill will be vetoed by the Governor.

## TREES AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

THE question of forestry, in the opinion of *Garden and Forest*, which is the highest authority upon the subject in the country, is one of the most urgent of public questions. How important it is we showed some time since by a citation from the same authority in regard to the money value of the annual product. It now says:

"All the money that has been obtained from the Adirondack forests might have been gained without injury to the woods themselves, leaving every acre still clothed with prosperous and productive forests. But by reason of ignorance, indifference, and mismanagement much of this region is to-day almost as completely and irrecoverably ruined as if it were covered a thousand feet deep with boiling lava. The people who are interested in great schemes and enterprises for irrigation in the western part of this country appear to be mostly unaware of the essential fact that if the forests of that region are destroyed there will be a great loss of the water needed to carry out any plan or system whatever."

It proceeds to say that when the pine supply of Wisconsin and Minnesota is exhausted there will naturally be a considerable exodus of population from those States, and thus quietly suggests the material and pecuniary interest of every community in the proper protection of the forests. That public attention is more and more alive to the importance of this subject is shown by such a meeting as that of the late forestry conference at Atlanta, Georgia, and by the activity of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association. It is not surprising that such interest should be manifested, for the facts which are submitted to the public show that *Garden and Forest* is not mistaken in regarding the subject of forestry as a great and pressing public question.

## PERSONAL.

VERDI, the composer and philanthropist, has erected and equipped a hospital at Villanova, and has also deposited funds sufficient for its maintenance. It is a large but unpretentious building, commanding a fine view of the river Po and the Apennines in the distance. There are wings for the separate treatment of the sexes, a ward for contagious diseases, and a hydropathic department, while all the arrangements are elaborate and modern. With characteristic modesty the giver refused to let the institution be named after himself, and it is to be known simply as the Hospital of Villanova.

—Minister EDWARD J. PHELPS has retained his professorship in the Yale Law School during his absence in England, and his brother professors at New Haven have heard nothing of his alleged intention to accept the presidency of Columbia College.

—General GREELY'S work on arctic research and exploration, including the meteorological data brought back from the arctic regions when he made the at present "farthest north," has just been published in two large volumes from the government printing-office. Of the 4500 copies, 1250 are for the Senate, 2500 for the House, and 750 for the Signal Service, to be distributed to foreign libraries and explorers.

—A member of the Methodist church at Roseville, Illinois, has been found guilty of "political gambling," and the attempts of the pastor to put an end to such practices in his fold doubtless gave rise to the statement that trouble had arisen through his refusal to accept money won on election bets in liquidation of the church debt. The church fortunately has no debt.

—The blizzard of last March brought out certain facts against the Washington pawnbrokers which have led to a war on them by the Knights of Labor. Large numbers of improvident workmen, supposing that milder weather had come, had pawned their winter clothing, while others were forced by the belated season to obtain money on their tool kits for fuel and other necessaries of life. Then the District Assembly was called on to advance $6000 to meet the obligations with the rapacious money-lenders. Congress is now asked to pass a law regulating the rate of interest to be charged by the brokers.

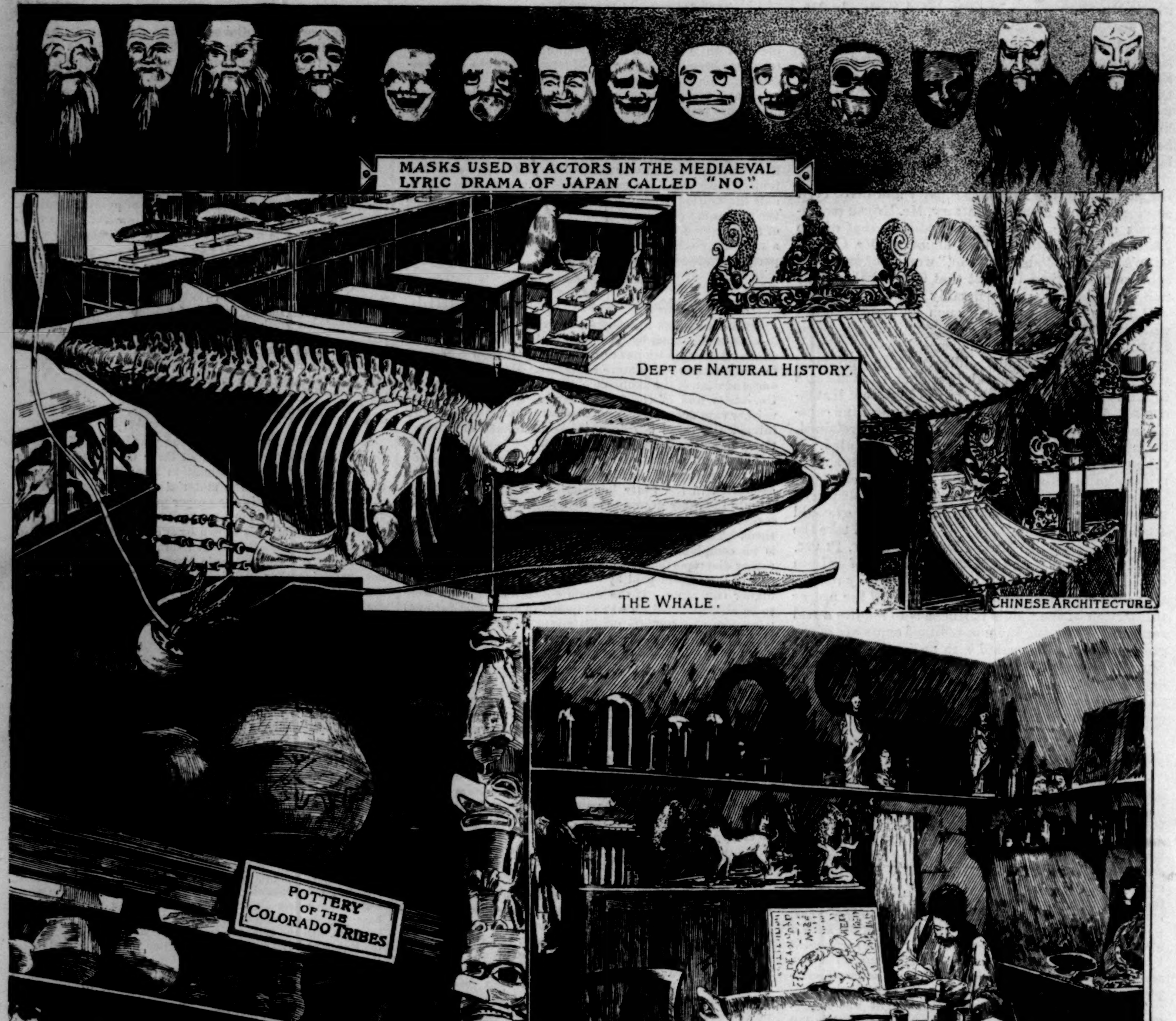
—SARAH R. MAY, a prominent educator in the South till MOSBY'S guerillas drove her away, and since then associated with some of the leading private schools in Maine, has just died at her home in Strong.

—President DWIGHT, of Yale College, is something of an antiquary, and his New Haven home contains a number of choice pieces of ancient furniture. Among these is a secretary that has been in the family for two centuries and a straight-backed chair that must be at least half as old, both of which the doctor has appropriated for his every-day use.

—Mrs. ASHTON DILKE, who was a delegate to the Woman's Congress at Washington last spring, is one of four women elected to the new London School Board. She belongs to the "progressives," who oppose sectarian and favor free schools.

—Captain SLOCUM, a venturesome mariner, has just reached Washington with his wife and two sons after an eventful voyage of six thousand miles in a sail-boat. A series of mishaps culminated in the wrecking of the captain's vessel, the Baltimore brig *Aquidneck*, in the harbor of Rio Janeiro last year. Captain SLOCUM lost everything; and rather than go into debt for the passage of himself and his family, he and his boys built a boat thirty-five feet long and of about two tons burden, and sailed for home. He believes that he has just claims against the Brazilian government for damages, and is at Washington to file them.

—Just as General LEW WALLACE'S *Boyhood of Christ* is delighting all readers, being considered, both for the interest of the letterpress and the beauty of its illustrations, *the* holiday book of the season, his "Commodus," in the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, calls attention to a new and most wonderful manifestation of his genius. It is one of the most remarkable historical plays of modern times. In the mean time his world-renowned novel *Ben-Hur* enters upon a new year of success. His old friend and school-mate, the Rev. J. C. FLETCHER, also a distinguished author, says: "It conquered its way. No one could read it without inducing his neighbor to do the same. The Protestant Christian found in it that which suited him; the Catholic, always sensitive about his Church and his dogmas, found nothing to offend; the Jew discovered that, whereas he and his co-religionists were always judged with prejudice by both Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Greek, here was a book which respected the Jew, and, as it were, found substantial apologies for his ancestors' not immediately accepting as the Messiah the lowly One of Nazareth."




THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON.—From Photographs.—[See Page 26.]

EXCHANGE OF CROCKERY FOR OLD CLOTHES.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

## LONDON STREET TYPES.

There are dozens of curious characters on the streets of London, and although the two countries are so intimately related, and so alike in many manners and customs, only about one in three of these queer types is familiar in New York. We have the coster-monger and his barrow or wagon, but not the cat's-meat man, nor the chimney-sweep. We have the corner confectioner, with his candies, nuts, and fruits, but not the baked-potato man, nor the vender of sheep's trotters. We have the street bands, but not the street acrobats, nor, save unfrequently, the Punch and Judy show. We have the beggar in many forms, but not the crossing sweeper, who takes toll as a matter of right, nor the actor who falls down in an apparently epileptic fit whenever he thinks he can collect a charitable crowd. We have the newsboy, but not the uniformed and numbered boys of the boot-black brigade, nor the gamins who turn cart-wheels alongside the omnibuses for a penny. In his clever sketches, Mr. Barnard has hit upon the same average. The peddler who exchanges crockery for old clothes is not unknown here, but few Americans know the muffin man, and the artist of the pavement has not yet decorated our thoroughfares.

The crockery dealer, as his face suggests, must be shrewd and plausible and pleasant, for his business is to humbug housewives into accepting articles of china-ware, worth not more than a shilling, for old hats, coats, trousers, and shoes, which would bring four times that amount if sold in the second-hand shops. Every man understands the inestimable value of comfortable old clothes; but the ladies do not appreciate it. Stories are current of dress suits that have been bartered for a pair of cheap vases, and overcoats that have not been satisfactorily replaced by an inartistic statuette. The class of traders who delude innocent women into such bargains was numerous in this city before our civil war. One of our wealthiest and most prominent bankers laid the foundation of his fortune in this way. Now these peddlers are mostly banished to the rural districts. New York has become too sharp for their easy tricks. But in London, which is a country of itself, they still flourish, and are sure to be met with during a stroll through the streets.

The muffin man, with his tray, his white apron, and his jingling bell, is strange to Americans, but English households of the middle class would feel lost without his regular daily visits. Dickens was thoroughly acquainted with him, and described him in passages of sympathetic humor. He has been celebrated in poetry and immortalized in song.

"Oh, don't you know the muffin man?
Oh, don't you know his name?"

Thus begins a favorite English glee, which proceeds to inform the ignorant that the muffin man "lives in Maiden Lane." The muffin itself has never been naturalized in this country. We have something resembling it in what is called "short-cake." At two or three New York bakeries English muffins are on sale; but they are regarded as luxuries for the rich. They have an incomplete

A STREET ARTIST.

LONDON STREET CHARACTERS.—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.

and indigestible appearance, as of dough not thoroughly baked. But no English tea-table is complete without them. They are cut in half, toasted at the open fire, and plentifully buttered; and then, with the cup that cheers but not inebriates, they make an ample meal, cheap, and, as Sam Weller says, "Werry filling at the price."

The Artist of the Pavement selects a wide sidewalk, marks out a space along a wall or fence, and proceeds to ornament it in colors. Some of his work appears at first sight to be really artistic. So it may be; but he is not the artist. He draws and paints, sometimes with a stencil-plate, sometimes from patterns furnished to him by his employer, who makes the designs, and pays a beggar to sit behind them and pick up the pennies thrown into his hat by those who respond to the appeal to "Please encourage talent." During the recent Jubilee celebrations one of these pavement pictures was so elaborate and attracted so much attention that it was described in the London newspapers. It depicted the Queen in her coronation robes, as a young, handsome, slender girl, and then, for a companion portrait, presented her in her widow's cap, a matronly figure, her black dress relieved only by the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter and the Koh-i-noor diamond set as a brooch. Sovereigns were thrown daily in recognition of these pictures of the Sovereign, and the Artist of the Pavement was more liberally rewarded for his work than if he had painted it in oils instead of chalks, and on canvas instead of stones. The beggar whom Mr. BARNARD has sketched from the life has tried to touch the popular heart with a portrait of General GORDON. One lucky hit of this kind brings a harvest of coppers, and even of silver. But the majority of the pictures are of simple subjects, rudely drawn and crudely colored, and are intended merely as an excuse for begging. It may be said in their favor that they are a more agreeable excuse than the drugged infants and deformed cripples too often exhibited on the streets of New York.

HAWAIIAN CANOE OF THE TIME OF CAPT. COOK.

## THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

ACCORDING to popular conception, a museum is an exhibition of curiosities, the collecting, preserving, and arranging of objects being understood. We are not to despise the word "curiosities" because "The Cabinet of Curiosities" crowded in the United States Patent Office at Washington was the germ from which the National Museum sprang. Pell-mell, helter-skelter, massed together in the Patent Office, there was a lot of heterogeneous matter; Indian relics, bones of the mastodon, skins, shells, Revolutionary relics, weapons, minerals, pictures, the waifs and strays derived from government exploring expeditions, with gifts from patriotic citizens.

A cabinet of curiosities may have entertaining qualities, but it rises to a higher plane when objects are arranged and classed in a philosophical manner. All aboriginal races have left by sea, lake, and river side mounds built up of material they had no further use for. Here they threw the shells of oysters, mussels, the bones of animals, birds, fish, their old and worn out implements. The scientific explorer takes this mass of refuse and sifts it. The shells go to the conchologist, the bones of fish to the ichthyologist, the remains of animals to the zoologist, the broken potsherds to the ethnographist, the stone knives or arrowheads to the archæologist. If in one room or in one case of a museum this entire material had been shot, it would have been as useless for study as if it had remained on the sea-shore or lake-side of Maine or Wisconsin.

Those not familiar with this subject might think that no great difficulties were presented in the arrangement of a museum. If the putting in proper position of a single object so that it can be seen and studied requires a minimum of care, when tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, or millions of specimens have to be shown, the difficulties increase in mathematical proportion.

Everybody is acquainted with the physical fatigue which follows a visit to a museum. To see the best collection of paintings in the world, taking the Louvre as a type—and by "best" no reference is made to the excellence of the works of art, but only to the hanging and arrangement of the pictures—the bodily exertion necessary to study a single gallery is excessive. In museums there are alcoves where objects are badly lighted and eyes are strained. There is leg-weariness in tracking from room to room, aggravated by climbing stairs so as to reach upper galleries.

The general imperfections in museums are often irremediable, arising from structural errors beyond the control of those in charge, but there are many errors which are corrigible.

Defective arrangement chills the ardor of research. A label put in a wrong place gives either false information, which is worse than none, or is not clear. If there be abundance of light in a room, ingenuity is shown in placing a case so as to get it in the dark. If there is one visitor who knows something, there are ten thousand who know nothing. The man of science finds out what he wants in the museum, but the unscientific man, who wishes to satisfy some particular hobby, might hunt on forever for the needle in the hay-stack and never come across it.

No matter how little the visitor is acquainted with the objects he looks at, he should unconsciously receive instruction. Though unaware of the mental process, there is always going on in the mind of man some kind of comparison. Here are two objects placed intentionally in a museum case near each other. The visitor's eye takes them both in. Their differences excite his curiosity, and he has his object-lesson. If the two specimens were in separate rooms, in looking at the last one he would have forgotten the existence of the first because of the interval of time.

The rarest of objects, unique of its kind, would be as nothing if its story were not clearly told in legible print. It may appear paradoxical, but Professor G. BROWN GOODE, who has the National Museum in charge, when asked what is an ideal museum, says he considers that specimens play, as it were, but a secondary part to labels.

Many people with vague ideas of a museum think that it ought some day or other reach completion. This maturity might happen in a special museum, where but a single branch of research seeks illustration. For a general museum, such as is the one in Washington, completion is impossible. It may, in time, be fully grown, but would never be more than that. If for an instant it deemed itself "mature," its decadence must follow. There can be no finality to this museum. As long as man exists, thinks, works, a museum must go on developing.

Of dead museums there are scores in this world, as there are dead cities in the Netherlands. A dead museum is a case of arrested development. The specimens placed in one position five years ago are anchored in the same spot to-day. Dust has blurred the outlines of the specimens. The ink of the label has faded. A bird stuffed a quarter of a century ago has done its best to survive, but the sun every bright day has shone on it, as if it were an ornithological sun-dial, and its once brilliant plumage is bleached. You are told that there used to be many visitors to that museum, but now there is only a semi-occasional one. Officers of the museum having its educational interest at heart complain of "the indifference of the public." It is not the public who are at fault, but those who have made a monotonous museum. In the National Museum the arranging and the rearranging of the objects in the cases never ceases. The great accumulation of material allows of new display at frequent intervals.

The National Museum may be considered as a recipient for the overflow of the Smithsonian Institution. Originally the Smithsonian contained collections derived from five sources—those coming from government expeditions, from gifts of individuals, from exchanges, from explorations undertaken by the Smithsonian, and from purchase. In this last respect the National Museum differs from all others. It depends but in an infinitesimal degree on buying the material it wants. To-day the Smithsonian building contains only the ornithological and archæological collections. The superb gifts and large exchanges coming from foreign sources, due to the Centennial Exhibition, made it necessary that the United States should possess some building where all the specimens of natural history, geology, mining, metallurgy, objects of aboriginal workmanship or of modern industry, should be placed.

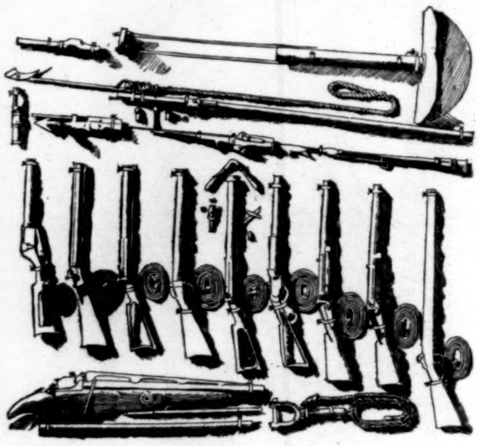
Plans having been matured by Professor SPENCER F. BAIRD, the late Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the building of the National Museum was begun, under his direction, in 1879, and it was occupied in 1881. The museum forms a square, with sides of 327 feet, and has a central dome. Within its walls there is an area of 102,200 square feet, or 2.35 acres. The main floor has 17 halls, and there are 80,300 feet of floor space. On the main floor and two upper stories there are 27,400 feet of floor space, used for offices, workshops, laboratories, store-rooms, etc. What is there in this vast building? Three museums, but all correlated. The public sees the Educational Museum, where are the specimens illustrating natural objects with the manifestation of human thought and activity. The Museum of Record is something apart. Here are preserved the material foundations of an enormous amount of scientific research, and this material is always being subjected to study. Here are nature's types. If material of this kind were only indestructible, imperishable, the fauna of 2889 might be compared with that of 1889, to discover whether there had been changes. The third museum is that of Research, and this museum requires special notice.

The Smithsonian Institution is founded on a purely democratic principle. Thanks to JAMES SMITHSON, who gave the Smithsonian Institution to the American people, it belongs to the people, and so the republic has a right to ask questions. It is its blessed privilege to be inquisitive, and because it wants to know, it grows in mental power and in force.

"I have caught a curious fish. I shot a strange bird. I killed an animal I never saw before. I struck a stone in digging, yesterday, that was new to me. Here is something in flint an Indian must have made. Ten feet underground I found this odd coin. What are they? Tell us their names. Are they useful? Can I build a house of this stone? Will this mineral pay to mine? If I catch this fish can I market it? Tell me who coined this money." This chorus of questions, accompanied by the objects, comes to the Smithsonian and the museum from all parts of the American continent and from the rest of the world, for SMITHSON founded "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Not special men, but all men. To these many interrogatives answers are expected, and prompt answers must be given. The government of the United States is also curious and clamorous. It is always wanting to know something about material things.

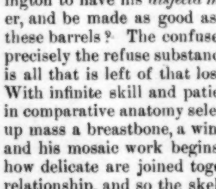
Varied as is the acquaintance of those having this Museum of Research in charge, they are wise enough to know that they have not themselves reached the limit of knowledge. Research is necessary in order to identify and group objects in their philosophical relations, and the officers in the Museum of Research are selected for their ability as investigators as well as for their trustworthiness as custodians.

In the galleries are the laboratories and workshops. A meteor falls to earth; a fragment of it is sent to the National Museum. It is not sufficient to put it in a case with a label. The chemist analyzes it. In these laboratories work is going on the year round, embracing all organic and inorganic matter. To explain how various is the preparatory labor, in another room are stacked up arrows and bows in sufficient quantity to arm a horde of savages. The sorting process is being carried out. These bows are in preparation for presentation in the Educational Museum. Apparently there is no order in these arms, no sequence of form, make, appearance. The original collector of the Piute or Shoshone bows did his duty in obtaining them, but the curator or the ethnographist alone can sort them. They must follow certain definite rules. An Indian 1000 miles distant from another Indian has a different fashion in harpoons and arrows. The curator, by constant study, knows by heart every curve of bow, every nicety of notch, and curl of feather in an arrow. When classed, then only are they placed in the Educational Museum.



ESQUIMAU HARPOONS AND AMERICAN WHALING GUNS.

In a separate room the eggs of birds are being studied and examined, and here can be seen the egg of that *rara avis* the great auk. A less perfect specimen than the one on exhibition was sold a year ago in London for $800. In another direction is the workshop of the curator of reptiles and comparative anatomy. What strangest of all animals is the one now in the process of mounting? How massive are its bones, how cruel its fangs! It is not often that the opportunity is presented of seeing a cave-bear. This cave-bear was found in some French cavern in a fragmentary condition, and he came to Washington to have his *disjecta membra* pieced together, and to be made as good as new. What are in these barrels? The confused materials resemble precisely the refuse substances of the past. Here is all that is left of that lost bird the great auk. With infinite skill and patience the man learned in comparative anatomy selects from the jumbled-up mass a breastbone, a wing bone, the vertebræ, and his mosaic work begins. Pieces no matter how delicate are joined together in their natural relationship, and so the skeleton of a lost bird is built up. Why should not skeletons, with their sharp outline, teach what were the physical traits of the filled-in animals? Why put the bones of a panther in the placid, dormant pose of a sheep? The *felidæ* are coiled springs, ready to launch themselves on their prey. If the visitor looks at the skeletons in the Educational Museum he at once seizes on the characteristics of the animals. The monkeys, though not in the flesh, are ready to jump or swing from tree to tree. These specimens are not dead, scraped, whitened bones. They are imbued with life, action.



SKELETON OF THE RED LYNX.

The museum for purposes of illustration must have its models. Dummies are made in its workshops for museum use. It does not suffice, as in a tailor's shop, to make one lay figure wear all the summer and winter costumes. In the London exhibition the Gloucester skipper, the Chesapeake colored fisherman, were there, and though of plaster or *papier-maché*, so life-like as to almost speak.

SKELETON OF SPOTTED TINAMON

The bird skins of every country are in the Smithsonian Institution. They are placed in long trays. The stuffed birds are on exhibition. It is only by bringing together innumerable birds, just as were the bows and arrows, that positive conclusions can be arrived at in regard to variations and geographical distribution. It is not by one or by ten birds that we get at the facts, but by the examination of hundreds of specimens.

A carping naturalist has said "a stuffed animal is a spoiled animal." There was a time when he was not so far in the wrong, but it was a criticism on the taxidermy of the past. How can a man who has never seen a live lion presume to stuff a dead one? He has a jaguar-skin sent him to stuff. He is quite familiar with the calf, so when his jaguar is stuffed he reproduces what has in gait, spirit, action, the shamble of the calf. Cram a skin full of tow, run in wires, stick in any kind of eyes, skewer its tail, and you have a tiger or a cow. It is only by the stripes and the label that you are informed that what you are looking at is "A Royal Bengal Tiger."

The process of taxidermy in the National Museum rests on a careful study of the live animal. The form of the creature is modelled in clay, and on this the skin is put. The hide is not a bag to hold the tow. It is the skin that is a cover to the model. How pendulous are the ears of stuffed animals! "No matter about the ears, if all the rest is pretty nearly right," says the self-satisfied taxidermist. But animal traits are expressed by ears. Approach a horse, a zebra, and the ears show the disposition. How glum and depressing are, too, the mouths of stuffed animals! How foreign to nature those parts adjacent to the eyes! From head to tail, the animals exhibited in the Educational Museum are perfect. There is one group of bisons on exhibition which is taxidermy carried up to high art.

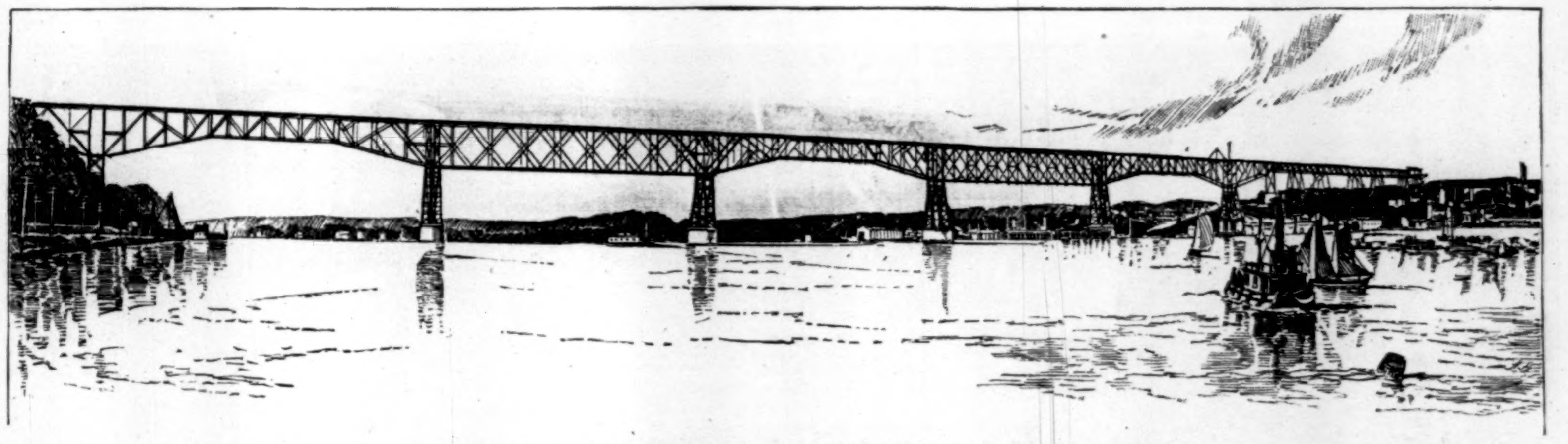
In the Smithsonian building there are many trays filled with fragments of flints. These represent man's earliest weapons or utensils. With these he fought and killed the cave-bear. The tool-making instinct is here first developed. If that rough celt, a flint chip, be the letter A of human thought when he began to be masterful, what letter has he reached in 1889? Here is the lesson of man's development—the alpha is the flint scraper, the omega perhaps the museum. Where archæology and ethnography overlap, it is not in our province to state, but in these workshops are the bronze implements, the mirrors, the arms, the funeral vases, of the Etruscans. In the Educational Museum are the exact facsimiles of these mortuary receptacles, with every object in true position, just as they were found in that Italy of a remote period. Laboratories and workshops do more than prepare the material of an unknown past for exhibition. The bit of stone dug up yesterday is studied and its utilitarian side cared for. A machine is cutting the stone into thin slices. Its chemical composition, its strength, its capability of being dressed, must be known. A man in Iowa has just asked the question, "Can I build a house of this stone?" and what he wants to know must be determined.

This Museum of Research is a kitchen, or a whole series of them, receiving the raw, rough, or crude substances. It may be that only the essence is wanted, or the substances, the meats, vegetables, fruits—dressed, garnished, with their properly written *menu*—are to be presented at that great public table the Educational Museum. And there, in appetizing form, they are in the best condition for digestion and assimilation.

In the great museum, room after room represents its wealth. Everything is arranged in a systematic manner. Objects which are immovable from their weight and bulk are fixed. A Roman mosaic weighing tons cannot be moved around. A totem post from the Northern Pacific, 40 feet tall, "the mast of some great ammiral," is not a walking-stick; but what is sought for, when possible, is mobility in the museum. A case is a unit, but there is no law why that case must remain exactly in the same place from now until the end of time. It can be shifted, and often it is shifted. Should there be a lecture—for there is a noble lecture-room in the museum—the lecturer might want five, ten, fifty, cases for purposes of illustration, and in a half-hour he can have them. There are no bolts that hold cases fixed to the floor. The cases are rolled into position, and so new series of classification can be presented. The spirit which prevails throughout is to make the museum alive, responsive. No mental dust must accumulate. Uncared-for objects predispose the idea of indifferent, uninterested, or sleepy curators.

It is the comprehensiveness of this museum which is so striking. It leaves no branch of human work untouched. It is not ended in any direction, and, as has been said before, it never will be, for the final word never can be uttered. No library can be complete; the book published yesterday or the book to be issued to-morrow may help to round it but not complete it.

In the full-page illustration an idea may be had of some of the many objects in the museum. On the top of the page are the masks used by the Japanese actors in their mediæval drama called "No." From these Japanese masks there follow entire series of other masks, Siamese, Chinese, and those worn by Indians on the north-west coast of our country. To the left the pottery of the Colorado tribes is shown. In the museum is the *pueblo* work of Peru, Mexico, Brazil, Nicaragua, Isthmus of Darien, from Panama, from the Mound Builders. Extend the ceramic exhibit, and visitors see Dresden china of Frederick's time, with the choicest work of Sèvres, recently presented to the United States by the French Republic. The whale and the fish exhibits belong to one of the departments of natural history. This is the clew, when followed,



leading to fish as food, and then naturally comes the methods of capturing fish. Here are endless devices, from the crude works of aboriginal men to the finished tackle of the trout-fisherman. The harpoon of the Indian, of the Esquimaux, ends with the case of whaling guns. The boats are here, the choicest models, often the craft itself, as a Hawaiian fishing canoe of the time of Captain Cook, lately presented to the museum by the Queen of the islands.

There is one room devoted to pipes. This alone is a perfect study. To get at the final ash with the last whiff of tobacco would take a year of steady application. From the solace man derives from the tobacco, some ideas of the interchanges of the world may be acquired. Smoking looks as if it had started in the mid-west of South America, and gone easterly. But as far as the Esquimaux are to be considered, the use of tobacco did not go across the continent, but must have travelled around the whole coast southerly, then northerly until it reached them. Tobacco, its usage, shows man's civilization, or progress in intercommunication, in a way which neither arts nor letters afford.

The enormous scope of the National Museum may be seen in two objects in one of the departments, which objects are apparently as far apart as the poles: to wit, a basket and a locomotive. These two represent the beginning of transportation and the end of it; that is, as far as we have reached. A woman was the first pack animal, and on her back the first burden was carried. This is the beginning of transportation. The settlement of America follows the creak of the lumbering Spanish cart, or the rattle of the rickety French Red River one, and the subject of the carriage of goods, starting on the way with these two vehicles, goes on to the first locomotive used in the United States.

A gourd filled with pebbles, a marimba, a gong, are sources of musical sound, and beginning with the most primitive of noise-making instruments, the museum collection leads up to the violin. A Sioux whistle, a sax-horn, represent the feeble beginning and the instrument of higher culture.

An estimate of the objects in this museum would run somewhere in the millions. Accessions are constant, rarely less than a dozen a day; sometimes they come by the hundreds. It is only necessary to present a single series of objects representing a class of subjects, when at once gratuitous accessions come in. Because it has not a single uniform worn by an officer during the civil war to put on exhibition is the only reason why there are not many of them representing all branches of the service. The museum is a magnet, just as is the Kensington Museum. It has attractive powers. A collector has devoted his time, his money, to securing a certain class of objects. Where can his treasures be best kept? Conscious that when he is dead his cabinet of curiosities can be preserved in the National Museum, he sends it to it. He knows, then, that he has not labored in vain. What has given him pleasure in collecting when he was alive, when he has passed away will help the education of his own people. So are the wants of the National Museum forever supplied by the liberality of the public.

But does the National Museum only take and never give? If it were simply grasping in its policy it would not follow out the dictates of the founder, that it be "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." It is always making collections of all kinds which it sends gratuitously to other museums, colleges, and high-schools. It can afford to be generous. Its surplusage is its current coin, and with that it makes exchanges with other museums. It may be supposed to keep debit and credit accounts on the barter system, as "Upsala debited with a series of Zuñi pottery" and credited with "one reindeer." The National Museum has its regular publications. All the researches it makes are printed and distributed. If there are millions who visit the museum, there are more millions who read about it.

To understand this vast public enterprise, a list of the many sections of the National Museum is here presented; and it is to be remembered that from a native diamond to the bones of a mastodon, the actual things are on exhibition. There is no department having only a place on paper.

Materia Medica, Textile Industries and Foods, Fisheries, Animal Products, Naval Architecture, Graphic Arts, Historical Relics, Transportation, Oriental Antiquities, Ethnology, American Prehistoric Pottery, Archæology, Mammals, Birds, Birds' Eggs, Reptiles and Batrachians, Fishes, Mollusks, Insects, Marine Invertebrates, Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Fossils, Plants (Fossil), Recent Plants, Mineralogy, Lithology and Physical Geology, Metallurgy and Economic Geology, Vivaria.

Professor G. Brown Goode, Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has the National Museum in charge, and under his supervision are the curators of the various departments.

To the idealist in museums, what would be, after all, the perfect one? The collecting and arranging may be all successfully carried out, as in our National Museum, but how overcome the great physical fatigue attending the visiting of any collection? The organizers of great museums dream of the unknown capabilities of the mechanisms yet to come. Then the visitor, or thousands of visitors, as in a theatre, seated in their chairs, will see passing before them all the objects in a museum. Then only will perfection be arrived at.

As it is, in its wonderful condition of progress, there is nothing that for general educational purposes is the equal of the National Museum at Washington. Barnet Phillips.

## THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

This institution, which now occupies the whole of the block between Ninth and Tenth avenues and between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, is one of the oldest in the country. It was thought of as early as 1810, but though Bishop Hobart was indefatigable in urging it upon individuals and upon the Convention of the Diocese of New York, it was not till 1817 that the consent of both Houses of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church was secured for establishing it in New York. Dr. S. R. Johnson quaintly records the fact in these words: "It was in the city of New York, in Trinity Church, on Tuesday, the 27th of May, 1817, in the morning, that the General Theological Seminary was born." The idea was that, instead of having training schools for candidates for orders in the different dioceses, all the candidates should be educated at one central institution. It was very slow in starting. Nobody seemed to care much about it. In 1818 Dr. S. F. Jarvis and Dr. S. H. Turner were its first professors, but they had only six students to begin with, and had to make the best of very limited accommodations. The late Bishop Doane was one of these first pupils. He says, "I was one of those who studied and recited when the whole seminary was accommodated in a second-story room over a saddler's shop down-town." In the next year Mr. Clement C. Moore gave the land on which the institution was subsequently located; but there was no money in hand to erect buildings on it, and in its extremity the seminary was removed to New Haven, where Bishop Brownell took charge of its work. It was then proposed that it should be accessible to students of all religious denominations, provided that no one should promulgate opinions tending to disturb the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Hobart chafed at having an institution which he had specially designed under such auspices. It was removed to New York in February, 1822. Before this Mr. Jacob Sherred had given $80,000 for the general purposes of the school, and it was felt that under the broader plan which had been adopted in Connecticut the ends of theological instruction which Churchmen most desired could not be readily obtained. The removal to New York was the beginning of the realization of what the Church needed. The rooms of Trinity Church School were used for lectures and recitations till 1827, when what has been known as the East Building was erected. From this time onward the seminary has been in strong hands, and has done a representative work in the Episcopal Church. An important point was gained when Mr. Moore's donation of land was first occupied. It was then far out of town, in the village of Chelsea, but the location was healthy, and the picturesque banks of the Hudson were in full sight. It is now in the centre of one of the most densely populated sections of the city, and when the full complement of the buildings now planned and already partially erected shall be realized, the whole quadrangle will constitute one of the finest educational groups of buildings to be found in America.

The seminary had a hard struggle—indeed it has always had a hard struggle—to obtain the funds necessary to maintain its work on a proper scale, and to meet the demands of the Church. The Episcopal people have been slow to move toward the proper recognition of the needs of their colleges and theological seminaries. They have been so slenderly endowed that they could not do their work with a proper freedom. The General Seminary was for many years sadly crippled by the insufficiency of its endowments, and by debts accumulated in the effort to tide it along till a happier day, which always seemed to be further off. It was a High-Church institution, and did not command the allegiance of the Low-Church party, and even the High-Churchmen had not learned its value in the education of the clergy. This is no longer the case. More money has been contributed since Dean Hoffman entered upon his work as its responsible head than had been contributed in the whole of the almost three-quarters of a century since the idea of such a seminary began to be agitated. Dr. Hoffman not only showed by his own large gifts and those of his family that he had confidence in its future, but his example, and the confidence that men began to have in his wise management, induced others to make large contributions for buildings, and to begin the increase of the endowments for professorships. Since 1879 the plan which already indicates the institution of the future, so far as it can be embodied in substantial structures, has been in progress, and every year witnesses an advance toward its realization. The library, the chapel, the deanery, the three halls, named Sherred, Denon, and Pintard, are all now completed, and when the refectory and the dormitories and the professors' houses are erected, in what is now called Chelsea Square, the finely grouped buildings, designed by Mr. Charles C. Haight after the Collegiate Gothic style, will have a character quite their own. The entrance then will be through an arched doorway between the library and the deanery, and the different buildings will give all the facilities for an ecclesiastical institution in the heart of a great city that can be desired. The impulse that Dean Hoffman and his friends have given to it in the last ten years is the momentum of the future, and cannot be too heartily acknowledged. There is nothing like success to insure success. Once this institution passed between Scylla and Charybdis. It reflected every agitation, every controversy, in the Church, and whatever was done in it at such times was sure to prey upon its prosperity. During the famous Carey controversy in the Tractarian movement it was shaken to its centre; in the recent ritualistic controversy it was more or less involved. People on the watch for extremes were ready to raise a cry against it; but the day of those activities is over, and the seminary is now strong enough to move on in its appointed way without being shaken or disturbed by every wind of new opinion that arises in the religious thought of the day. It is now giving tone to the Episcopal Church rather than receiving its impulse from the rectors of prominent churches. There have been many men among its professors who are to be numbered among the foremost theologians of the century. Such were Dr. Samuel Seabury, Dr. Milo Mahan, Dr. John Murray Forbes, Bishop Whittingham, and Bishop Hobart, and its present faculty, when properly filled up where vacancies exist, will be as efficient as any that it has ever had.

At the present time there are in residence Dr. Eigenbrodt, Professor of Pastoral Theology; Dr. R. C. Hall, Professor of Hebrew and Greek Languages; Dr. Oliver, Professor of Biblical Learning; Dr. Seabury, Professor of Ecclesiastical Polity; Dr. Richey, Professor of Ecclesiastical History; and the places to be filled are the professorship of Systematic Divinity and that of Christian Evidence. It is believed that Dr. E. H. Jewett will soon take Dr. Eigenbrodt's place, and as quickly as possible the institution will enter upon the larger character and career for which it seems now to be commanding the opportunity. Its rival in this city, the Union Theological Seminary, has vastly larger endowments, and has long been recognized as the foremost Protestant institution of its kind in the United States. There is no reason why in the near future the General Seminary of the Episcopal Church, with its growing equipment of ample and adequate buildings, its increasing number of students, and its enlarged facilities for theological instruction, should not soon hold a similar rank, and do in its own field quite as extended a work. It has been crippled by the desire on the part of many bishops to have theological seminaries in their own dioceses, where they can have their candidates for orders trained under their own eyes. There are perhaps a dozen of these incipient institutions in different parts of the country, none of them strong, and many without an adequate reason for their existence, and the advance of the General institution has been made in spite of them, and through the increasing desire of young men to obtain their theological education where the best facilities are offered. The present number of students at the New York institution is 89, representing twenty-nine dioceses. The whole number of students matriculated since 1822 is 1592; the whole number of alumni is 1104, of whom 32 have been consecrated bishops. The days of trial and interrupted development are over, and its opportunities for better work and more comprehensive instruction were never greater than they are at present.

## THE BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

An engineering enterprise will be completed this month which promises to be far-reaching in its effects upon the business interests of the New England States and New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. It is, moreover, an achievement worthy of a place among the great successes of American engineers. The value of a bridge over the Hudson River below Albany to the traffic between the New England States and Pennsylvania was recognized many years ago by such a shrewd railroad manager as Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who took in 1871 a large interest in the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company. Work was begun, but ceased in 1873. Mr. Thomson's death and the panic of that year caused a suspension of the work. The project rested until 1876, when a new contract was entered into with the American Bridge Company of Chicago. This company worked only two years, and nothing more was done until 1886, when the Manhattan Bridge Company, having secured the rights of the American Bridge Company, made a contract with the Union Bridge Company to complete the structure. To the energy and push of Mr. W. W. Gibbs, the President of the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company, is chiefly due the completion of this great work. Now that the work is done, Mr. Gibbs has retired, so as to secure for the bridge the services as President of Mr. John S. Wilson, who was until lately general freight agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The principal result of this enterprise is an all-rail connection between the New England States and the Pennsylvania coal, oil, and iron regions. The reduction in the distance between Scranton, Pennsylvania, as a coal centre, and various manufacturing centres in New England will be appreciated by the following table:

| | Viâ Albany. | Viâ Poughkeepsie. |
|---|---|---|
| Scranton to Springfield, Mass.. | 305 miles. | 216 miles. |
| " Hartford, Conn... | 331 " | 309 " |
| " Boston, Mass...... | 403 " | 314 " |
| " Providence, R. I... | 420 " | 299 " |

The connections of the Poughkeepsie Bridge on the *east side* are or will be: the Hartford and Connecticut Western Railroad; the New York and New England Railroad, from Hopewell Junction; the New York and Harlem Railroad, from Brewster Station and from Boston Corners; the Massachusetts Central Railroad, from Northampton; and the Boston and Albany Railroad, from Springfield.

The connections on the *west side* will be: the Wallkill Valley Railroad and the West Shore Railroad, belonging to the Vanderbilt roads; the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad; the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad; the Pennsylvania Railroad; the Pennsylvania, Slatington, and New England Railroad; the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad; the Central Railroad of New Jersey (the last two roads have bought the Lehigh and Hudson River Railroad, sixty-five miles long, and are extending the same to a connection with the bridge); the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad; and the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The bridge by charter must be open to all roads, and all roads in the neighborhood of the bridge are forced by their business to connect with it.

The bridge has five spans over the river, of which two are cantilevers 550 feet each, two truss spans 525 feet each, and one shore span 200 feet. The general measurements of the structure are as follows:

| | Feet. |
|---|---|
| Total length of bridge from shore to shore.. | 2350 |
| Total length of viaducts...................... | 4417 |
| Total length of bridge and viaducts.......... | 6767 |

The stone towers in the river are built on rock 140 feet below high-water. The height of the railroad will be 212 feet above high-water; the height of the truss, 130 feet; the truss is 82 feet high; the height of the cantilever spans is 160 feet.

It is intended to open the bridge to the public on February 1, 1889. Next summer the New-Yorkers going to the Catskill Mountains will leave the city at the Forty-second Street Depot (instead of crossing the river to Weehawken) *via* the New York and Harlem to Brewster, thence to Poughkeepsie, crossing the river there, thence by the Wallkill Valley Railroad to Kingston, and thence by the West Shore to the Catskills or West. Bostonians who wish to go South will go direct to Poughkeepsie, thence by the West Shore to Jersey City and Philadelphia, not touching New York at all, at a distinct saving of time and trouble.

AUCTION SALE OF BLOODED STOCK AT THE AMERICAN HORSE EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 31.]

MOUNTED PISTOL PRACTICE IN THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 34.]

## FARMER STEBBINS AT THE BAT.

(*Continued from front page.*)

"One strike!" the fellow that they call the emperor loudly cried.
"It's full as much as that," I says, a-perchin' on my side.
"Play ball!" he shouted. An' I says, "It ain't so much like play
As some things I have seen; but then no matter; fire away!"
An' so he fired; whereat the ball benumbed each finger's end,
Then cuffed my sufferin' ears like some enraged maternal friend.

"Foul!" shouted loud the emperor; then, a-winkin' grim an' sly,
"You're right again; it's foul indeed; an' painful too," says I.
An' then I thought, "I'll wipe that ball half-way out of existence,
Or lay right down here an' expire, with mourners at a distance."
An' straightenin' back, I gave the thing a self-benumbin' blow,
An' sent it wobblin' through the air; an' then they shouted, "Go!"

Now I was kind of turned around 'bout where I might belong,
An' nimble as an elephant, I struck my bearin's wrong;
I stood the emperor on his head, I run the catcher down,
I barked my waggish friend's left shin, before he turned me roun';
An' then he yelled, "Pick up your heels!" an', fool-bewildered quite,
I stopped an' looked, an' says, "They're here! I've got 'em on all right!"

An' then they laughed an' cheered some more, an' said, "Go! make your base!"
An' off I went, with quickened breath, an' heat-illumined face;
I give no heed unto the world; but, thunderin' straight ahead,
Produced an earthquake in that Park by my resistless tread;
An' then I stubbed my off big toe, an' hadn't time to rise,
An' rolled three-quarters of the way to my base, an' surprise.

"Out on a fly!" the emperor says, a-brushin' off his sleeve.
"Out on a bender, I should think," I says, prepared to leave.
"This game has too much earnestness to make it play, for me;
It's full of hardship for to do, however nice to see.
The easiest way to play base-ball is to sit back an' tell
How things we never could have done could be done twice as well."

Then Sister Is'bel Sunnyhopes, to my intense surprise,
Drove up an' took me in, with tears an' laughter in her eyes.
"Miss Isabel," I humbly said, "it always seems to me,
The bigger fool I make myself, the more you're there to see.
I'll furnish you with candy all the rest your nat'ral life
If you won't pick this picnic up an' take it to my wife."

# BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

### XII.

"THE winter of our discontent" had come upon the Army of the Potomac. The bloody sacrifices, the heroic efforts of the regimental officers and the rank and file, had all been neutralized by the timid and vacillating leadership of those to whom the highest commands had been intrusted. Lee was back along the Rapidan, skilful and strong as ever. McClellan was relieved; several old favorites of the Peninsula campaign no longer rode at the head of their corps or divisions, though still wearing their general's stars in Washington or on distant and less prominent fields. Others, like Phil Kearny and Stevens, had fought their last fight and gone to their soldier rest. A new leader transferred the scene of conflict to the heights of Fredericksburg, and the loyal and patient army tramped obediently thither only to find the crests along the southern banks of the stream bristling with the bayonets and batteries of Lee. The administration complained of McClellan that he could not be induced to attack unless his force was overwhelmingly superior and victory was certain. It seemed to demand that its generals should be made to fight, and the new commander proceeded to satisfy the nation that the Army of the Potomac would shrink at nothing by "butting its head against a stone wall," and assaulting Lee in an impregnable position.

More mourning at home; more gaps and vacancies at the front; more courts and investigations and "committees on the conduct of the war" at Washington, followed as a matter of course. Another removal; another experiment; another commander; another splendidly planned passage of the fords and swoop upon the Confederate left; another senseless delay. Then, on the other hand, another daring, brilliant, defiant march from front to flank, another superb assault, and the luckless Army of the Potomac is doubled up by a single corps led by that indomitable Jackson. A winter of discontent and gloom, indeed, to all the Union army in Virginia—to all the loyal North; and a winter of sore trial and bitter suffering for one young cavalryman in particular—Mr. Frank Kearny, of New Jersey.

No words can well describe the wrath and indignation with which he learned that a charge of desertion had actually been laid at his door. With the exception of the major and adjutant, he saw none of his comrades on the night of his "recapture" at Hopewell. He was conveyed in an ambulance to Centreville, and thence to Washington, where for weeks he lay desperately ill. Influential relatives were speedily on hand to see that justice was done him. A devoted mother, a devoted cousin—Miss Paulding, of New York—hastened to his bedside, and his bodily sufferings were soothed as only women can soothe and comfort; but there are mental tortures that even the infinite pity of mother-love can never reach, and, when not delirious, Frank Kearny was a victim to a dejection too profound for comfort of any kind. The exposure, the bitter disappointment, the final shock and outrage to his soldier honor of those last two days at Hopewell, had brought on a relapse that laid him at the very door of death. His regiment had pushed on through Thoro'fare Gap on the night he was revealed at the Armisteads' to the eyes of the designated officers, precisely as the scout Tierney, when confronted, had predicted and promised. The adjutant quickly saw that his comrade must have been severely wounded, and would have attributed his apparent desertion to that cause, but the major was a man who had little faith in human nature. He only saw the pretty girl at Kearny's side, and, to his mind, Captain Mullane's scandalous report was substantiated in all its bearings. While the —— New Jersey trotted on up to Front Royal that next day, the talk at every rest was of Kearny's astonishing escapade. The major had re-joined, and "had the floor"; and Kearny, being absent and unrepresented, could expect nothing else than the "*toujours tort*" of tradition. Charges and specifications were duly formulated by the major, who cited as witnesses the regimental adjutant, now temporarily absent conducting the accused and raving officer to the lines of Washington, Captain Mullane, the major himself, the general of division who on the night of August 28th had ordered or authorized Mr. Kearny to re-join his regiment, the other division commander who had given him despatches to carry to Buford, and finally the civilian Tierney, who was in the secret service of the War Department.

There was no one in the cavalry brigade to fight his battle for him; none but Confederate soldiers could tell how he strove to cut his way through their patrol and carry out his orders; none but they to bear witness that his horse was killed and he himself dragged from underneath, senseless, crushed, and bleeding; none but they to tell how he had been conveyed to a farm on the upper road, his wounds dressed and his identity discovered by Captain Armistead. Even they could not tell and did not know that after they rejoined their squadron on the following day the young captain had gone back to the farm-house where the wounded "Yank" still lay unconscious, and there wrote the note to his father at Hopewell, and having bundled the senseless prisoner into a straw-covered wagon which, with two negroes, he had hired for the purpose, he sent him to that father's home under the guidance of a sergeant of his own troop on whose fidelity he could depend to the very death. There was no one to tell how long the Union officer lay there unconscious; how he strove to communicate with his comrades when consciousness returned; how he had escaped from his would-be captors when Major Gordon came up from Richmond. It all went against him in the cavalry brigade, and the charges were duly forwarded to Washington. There, however, better counsels prevailed. The surgeons were prompt to testify that with such wounds and injuries as he had evidently received there must have been some mistake. When consciousness returned the accused officer was able to tell his story, and though he knew it was Henry Armistead who rescued him from Libby and sent him to a refuge where he could be sure of care and comfort, *this* feature he was bound in honor to conceal. It would have leaked out in short order, become known to the many Southern sympathizers at the capital, and been speedily transmitted to the Confederate army, to the probable severe censure, if not disgrace, of his devoted friend. Not even to his mother did he knowingly mention this incident, but there was one who sat by his side when fever raged in his veins and wild, wild incoherencies were on his tongue. One who listened with quivering lips and tightly clasping hands to the constant, moaning mention of that name—Lucy—and whose eyes filled and whose whispered prayers called down blessings at the frequent allusion to Henry—Henry Armistead—Henry's sacrifice for *his* sake. Long before Frank Kearny was able to sit up, propped by pillows and nursed by loving hands, Kate Paulding knew that his heart was irrevocably lost to some Virginia girl, and divined that it was Henry Armistead who bore him from his original captors to a place of safety. Oh, what a host of recollections was summoned up by that name! Oh, what a revelation of shattered hope and bitter loss there came to her in the still watches of the night, in the repeated mention of that other name—Lucy! When Frank Kearny returned to convalescence and was able to totter feebly about the rooms and gradually to face the situation, his was not the only heart that bore a weight of silent, ceaseless, gnawing pain; but none, to look at her, would dream for an instant that the other throbbed in Katherine Paulding's breast.

Perhaps it was best for Kearny that he should have such a burden of wrath and indignation against his accusers, such a burning desire to hasten forth and confront them. Both at the War Department and Trenton, however, his case was by this time fairly represented and fully understood. Letters from officials high in rank assured him that the charges were scouted and had been returned to the brigade and regiment with the full report of the surgeons and his own statement. From the Governor he received the offer of promotion to higher rank in a new regiment just being raised. He thanked everybody for the kindness extended, but what he longed for was a chance to get back to the regiment. He would never leave the —— New Jersey, he said, until he had faced down every and any detractor in it, and—but this he never mentioned to any one in authority—there was one fellow in the cavalry brigade with whom he had a score to settle. For that he must be patient and hoard his strength.

Not until the guns began to boom at Fredericksburg was he able to rejoin the regiment. He had left it youthful, buoyant, joyous, popular; a splendid specimen of the young cavalry officer, tall, handsome, erect, with glistening eyes and glowing cheeks. He returned aged as though by several years, stern, taciturn, gaunt, haggard, and bearded, with eyes that no longer glistened—they simply burned. He received the greetings of his fellows with quiet and reserved demeanor; he was contemptuously cold to several; he could evidently forgive none of them that there was no one of their number to promptly write him at the very outset that he, at least, could never believe such charge as that alleged against him. The major he "cut" dead. It was not the lot of the regiment to be heavily engaged at Fredericksburg, but one or two vacancies occurred among the field-officers and some promotions. Frank Kearny somewhat coldly thanked the officers who gathered at his tent when it was known that he had been commissioned captain within the week that followed the great and disastrous battle. He spent much time in confidential talk with the colonel and with two of his chosen friends, the adjutant and Captain Dayton. He had had complete explanations from the former and a reconciliation with him. As for the latter, he had been on detached duty at the time the story gained ground in the brigade that Kearny was "in hiding," and when it finally reached his ears no words seemed adequate to express his contempt for the originators. In some way it was whispered about the camps that Frank Kearny "didn't care a row of pins for the captaincy." It was known that the Governor had offered to commission him as junior major of the new regiment, and that he had declined "until he had settled some matters in the cavalry brigade," and there was a decidedly uneasy, not to say an apprehensive feeling as to just when and in what manner that "settlement" would take place.

Every day Kearny seemed gaining in health. His haggard face began to resume its wonted lines, and yet 'twas greatly changed. 'Twas the beard did that, said some of the commentators; but the observant men knew well that there was something behind the crisp and curling mantle of brown hair. His eyes still burned; his lips were set and stern; all the old gladness and jollity were gone; the ringing laugh was never heard. He shunned company; spent most of his time as they lay in camp drilling his men and looking after his horses; he was eager and ready for scouts and picket duty; he was in the saddle and the open air hours at a time, and was giving much attention to sabre exercise with the best fencer in the regiment, and to practice with the revolver. To the camp of an adjoining regiment, brigaded with his own, Kearny would not go at all, and it was not long before the stories of his daily occupations were made the subject of comment there.

"Look out for yourself, Mullane," said one of the field-officers. "It's you he's training for. You'd far better quit poker and whiskey now, and get in fighting trim."

And Captain Mullane laughed loudly, but his laughter was not glad. One night he asked the major if he thought a leave of absence could be obtained. "His wife lay very ill at home," and the major told him he would do what he could for him with the colonel now commanding the brigade.

Up to this time not one word had Kearny exchanged with his brother officers as to the people with whom he had been lodged and by whom he had been nursed and tended. Though night and day Lucy Armistead was in his thoughts, he shrank from any mention of her name or allusion to her people. Inquiries had, of course, been made by comrades interested in his strange adventure, but in presence of his colonel he said to one of them; "I cannot be sufficiently grateful to this family, and the best way I can show it is to keep their secret. It would subject them to utter ostracism if their friends ever learned they had harbored a Yankee. It is my purpose to say nothing about them—until the war is over."

There had been great curiosity about the young lady. The major had learned the name of the family, but there was no one from whom they could learn particulars. After pointing out the house and the lieutenant, Tierney the scout had left them, and had avoided the Jersey regiment from that day to this. But the adjutant described her as lovely, and confided to Dayton that she seemed utterly overcome with shock and grief when Kearny was led away. It set Dayton to thinking.

One cold winter's night when the moon shone down on snow-sprinkled huts and glistening white canvas along the Rappahannock, the adjutant was sitting at the head-quarters tent looking over the mail when Kearny strode quickly in.

"Is it true," he asked, "that a leave has been granted to Captain Mullane?"

"I believe it is," answered the adjutant, uneasily. He did not like the indications of storm.

"Then I want you to come with me to their camp. Dayton goes too. No! I'm not armed. You need not fear anything so serious. I want you to present me to Captain Mullane. I have a question to ask him, and you must witness his reply."

Wondering at the strangeness of the request and the oddity of the proceeding, the adjutant went. The three men strode silently across the moonlit field until they reached the sentry lines of the adjoining regiment, Kearny slashing at his boots from time to time with the light rawhide he carried. He asked no questions and vouchsafed no information as to his purpose. The regiments were in winter-quarters, and many of the officers were living in substantial little huts. It was to a structure of this character that the three visitors were escorted by a corporal of the guard just as the trumpets along the broad, treeless plain were sounding the evening tattoo.

Sounds of revelry—somewhat bacchanalian—issued from within. An officer came forth apparently on the way to the roll-call of his company. He stopped short at Kearny's hail, and replied hesitatingly to the question, "Is Captain Mullane here?" It was evident that he scented mischief.

"May I trouble you to ask him to step outside a moment?" said Kearny, civilly.

"Who shall I say wants him?" asked the lieutenant, suspiciously, yet with a certain air of defiance. There was no love lost between the two commands, and he knew the Jerseymen at sight. "His wife is ill, and he starts for Acquia Creek in a few moments."

"Say that Captain Kearny desires a word with him."

A roar of laughter and the clinking of glasses told of the climax of some camp story as the door was reopened. Then came a hush; then a muttered and excited discussion. It lasted a moment, and then a coarse voice exclaimed:

"There's only three of 'em, bedad! Go on out, Mullane; I'm wid ye. Come on, fellers."

Presently out they came, half a dozen burly, half-intoxicated men, and grouped themselves compactly at the doorway.

"Which is Captain Mullane?" asked Kearny, quietly. "I have never been presented."

"I'm your man," was the answer as a strongly built fellow of the ward politician type stepped a little forward, yet not too far.

"Captain Mullane, in my enforced absence from my regiment last September, you, it is claimed, started the slander that led to my arrest. I have never yet heard, or asked, the exact language. I have always meant to hear it from your own lips. Will you repeat it now?"

The "rough" looked uneasily about him. Very possibly he would have much preferred to lie out of it, but the devil of drink was uppermost in his comrades. They were many and the Jerseymen few, and there came a growl of encouragement from behind him.

"Tell him to his face, Mullane. Devil a lie was there in it!"

Thus adjured, and with sneering emphasis, the captain spoke:

"What I said was that you were a man of sense. Fighting wasn't to your taste as much as hiding away a few weeks in your sweetheart's arms."

Kearny recoiled as though struck by a heavy blow. The light switch he had meant to use dropped to the earth beneath his feet. One instant only of silence. Then came a spring like that of a tiger, and with the low, fierce cry, "You *hound!*" he flew at the brawny throat before him, and Mullane was hurled backward into the mud, Kearny going down with him.

True to their tactics, learned in many a barroom brawl or election row, Mullane's comrades jumped to the rescue of their champion, raining kicks and blows upon his assailant. Dayton and the adjutant vainly strove to reach the struggling and prostrate pair. It would have gone hard with Kearny among those brutal boot heels, but by this time scores of other officers, not of the Mullane faction, with the colonel himself, came flocking to the scene. Roll-call was forgotten. The "roughs" were pulled away and banished to their several quarters, and, bruised and breathless, Kearny was lifted to his feet. His antagonist more slowly regained his, and in stifled rage responded to the stern question asked him by his commander as to the meaning of such disgraceful brawl.

"'Twas him that struck me, sir," he said, indicating Kearny, who, panting heavily and leaning on Dayton's arm, was striving to regain breath.

"How say you, Captain Kearny?" asked the colonel, sternly still, for the breach of all discipline was a sore offence to his rigidly soldierly views.

"I ask your pardon, colonel," was at last the slow answer. "Never until to-night, from that man's own lips, did I learn of the hideous insult he had put upon me. I should have known that it was one that could never be wiped out here. I will answer any just demand—make any proper *amende* to you. But, as God is my judge—and he pointed in quivering, menacing wrath at Mullane—"that man shall answer to me."

### XIII.

The fracas in the cavalry brigade was a matter that could not well be hushed up. Men had little else to do for several weeks of wintry weather than entertain themselves as best suited their various temperaments and characters. The matter was discussed in all the adjoining camps, and the drift of public opinion may best be inferred from the brief but emphatic comment made by nine-tenths of the men who knew Mullane—"I wish he had killed him." Outside of

* Begun in No. 1667.

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the squad of six or seven boon companions, he had not a friend in the brigade. The great mass of gentlemen of whom the officers of the various regiments were composed had never associated with him. His allies were of the class made famous in the days of "Big Six" in New York and the "Northern Liberties" of the Quaker City. A reputation as a political "boss" and a ward bully at home was supplemented by a career of drinking, brawling, and poker-playing at the front. In no battle had his voice been heard. Somehow or other he had managed to keep out of the way of hostile blade or bullet, and now he was gone, and no man regretted, though many envied, his going. Who would not have given much to enjoy a fortnight with the loved ones at home before the opening of the spring campaign? Leaves of absence to officers and furloughs to enlisted men were only to be granted for urgent cause, and there were not lacking those who said they believed the letter Mullane filed with his application was a bold forgery. He had a wife, there was no question, and 'twas said by one of his cronies that she was more than a match for him with her fists. There was also a Dr. McNamara, whose attentions to her, said the same authority, were not always strictly professional, and though he didn't doubt that Mac *could* be induced to write a certificate that a man's wife was dying in order to get him a furlough, he thought it improbable that he *would* be in this instance. He would draw the line at Mullane. Other unsavory things were said by his own cronies, now that he had gone with his winnings and left them out of pocket. Then there came soldiers of his squadron to the colonel's tent to complain that they had given their captain money to keep for them, and in some cases had lent it at his request, and he had gone without a word to them on the subject. Take it all in all, there was no sympathy for Captain Mullane and little blame for Captain Kearny. Most men, to be sure, said that he should not have soiled his hands by touching such a blackguard, but no men, no man, in all the cavalry brigade until that night dreamed what a depth and breadth of insult had been conveyed to Kearny by those words. Then Dayton's eyes were further opened, and the adjutant, recalling the loveliness of the girl whom he saw for that brief moment up by Hopewell Gap, began to realize that it was the insult to her, not to him, that drove Kearny mad with rage.

As for Captain Kearny himself, he would talk with no one. He begged a week's leave to go to Washington. Then the brigade commander sent for him.

"Kearny," said he, "give me your word that you will not follow or further molest that fellow Mullane, and I will go to General Hooker myself with your paper, and beg for a fortnight for you. No man deserves it more, and it will do you good. You are brooding too much over a trouble every one else has long since buried."

"Who has cause to remember it, sir, as I have?"

"I admit it, but let that drop. Give me your word you are not going after Mullane—will not touch him, and I can get your leave."

And it was remembered all through the brigade during the gloomy, dripping month that followed that Kearny shook his head and would make no promise.

He wrote three letters that night, and they were on the way to Washington before another sunset. Life in the old regiment had become unbearable, he said. He had accomplished the object of his return; every accusation and accuser had been faced down, but it was not in his nature to easily forget or forgive the men who so readily had given credence to his defamation. "I love and I hate with equal strength," he wrote in one letter. "There can be no half-way measure with me."

In one week's time, just as the roads were deepest in mud, and soft with the coming spring, just before the brigade began to find that stable duty could be done without the cumbrous overcoat, so long as the afternoon was sunshiny, there came an order from the War Department which authorized the immediate muster-out of Captain Frank Kearny, —— New Jersey Cavalry, "to accept promotion," and it was known that he had been commissioned by the Governor as major in a new regiment just taking the field.

The officers promptly came to their comrade's tent to offer their congratulations, and then as they strolled away in groups of three or four, the question was discussed as to how they could best give him what they termed "an appropriate send-off." In his utter change of mood and supposed change of character Kearny had not been in the least companionable since his return. No man knew the bitter sorrow at his heart; no one knew how night after night, before he sought his pillow, his eyes turned longingly to the stars in the northern heavens, and sometimes for lonely hours he sat in silence watching them, wondering if they looked down on her and the old homestead at Hopewell. Day by day the love of her burned and glowed in his vehement heart. Never for a moment could he force himself to forget her—the exquisite face, the soft, slender white hands, the graceful, womanly form, and all her dainty, soothing ways. Sometimes, like a sharp pang, the agony of that parting came back to him—the memory of her solemn words, "There is another," and he would start to his feet and stride up and down in restless misery. Who—who was the man who had won her? Who on all this earth could love and cherish and reverence her as he would ever do? No wonder he had no more the ready laugh for his comrades' jests or joyous words for their daily greetings. Duty, stern duty alone had nerved him to his work. He had striven to forget *her*, and think only of his loyalty to the flag; but at all times—in every thought by day, in every dream by night—the face he idolized was mirrored in his brain, and life itself was wrapped in love of her.

THE FIRE ON THE "BRISTOL" WHEN AT ITS HEIGHT.—From a Photograph.

And so it resulted that when Dayton came to tell him of the project of a regimental jubilee in honor of his promotion, and a parting "spread" to which the officers of the brigade were to be bidden, Kearny almost brusquely bade him put a stop to the whole thing. He hurried around camp, saying brief farewells. He explained that he must hasten at once to Trenton, as there were many things that had to be attended to at home before he could take the field again; he thanked them for the honor they had contemplated paying him, but said it would be impossible to wait until the designated day. Every one noted his feverish eagerness to be gone, and Dayton, who rode with him to the Potomac, and saw him safely aboard the crowded steamer that was to bear him to Washington, was annoyed when he returned to camp that night by hearing a young lieutenant remark to the captain of his troop, "I'll bet a hat he means to run Mullane to ground before the fellow's leave is up."

Standing amid the throng of laborers and quartermasters' employés at the dock at Acquia, and keenly scrutinizing every officer and man who passed the guard-line, was a tall gaunt man in civilian dress. His slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes; his face was hidden by a heavy, bushy beard; he was evidently well known to the officer in charge of the provost-guard, for they were talking in low tones together more than once. He was also well known on the steamer, for twice he passed aboard without showing pass of any kind to the sergeant at the gang-plank. He was coming ashore from some sudden dive into the darkness of the steamer's lower deck just as Kearny and Dayton stepped upon the sloping stage. He stopped short at sight of the former, whirled about, and hastened forward out of sight. Kearny gazed after him in odd interest. There was something strangely familiar in the figure; but the face—the beard—he could not recall at all.

"Who is that man in civilian dress who just went forward?" he asked the purser of the steamer, who was at the gangway.

"That? He's a quartermaster's clerk who has charge of the stores that are run down by us. Name is Freeman. Keen hand at poker, I'm told, but the steward tells me Captain Mullane got away with most of his pile the night they went up together. Guess you don't want to play with him, though. Did you ever see him before?"

"I don't know," said Kearny, briefly. "Come, Dayton, let us go on deck."

Captain Dayton recalled the fact, a few days later, that Kearny had again inquired as to the name and antecedents of the tall bearded stranger. "I have seen that fellow somewhere when he didn't wear that beard, but I cannot think where. I don't like him, somehow," he had said. And Dayton further noted that when the steamer pushed off and went churning her way up the Potomac the tall bearded clerk went with her.

Captain Mullane's fortnight's leave had well-nigh expired when, on the following night, the cavalry brigade was startled by news that caused many men to gaze anxiously into one another's faces, and with eyes that questioned. The burly Irishman was found shot through the heart the very morning that Major Kearny reached Washington. The body was lying in a state-room close to that which the major had occupied, and it was remembered by the guard on duty at the dock that the captain was there to meet the steamer on her arrival, and went aboard almost before she was made fast. No one had heard, in the noise of blowing off steam and the tramp and uproar on the hurricane deck, the sound of a scuffle and a single shot fired so close that the dead man's coat was singed with flame and his body blacked with the powder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BURNING OF THE "BRISTOL."

On the last day but one of the old year fire totally destroyed one of the finest passenger steam-boats in the world—the *Bristol*, which plied between New York and Newport, across Long Island Sound. It was providential that the conflagration occurred while she lay at her dock in Newport, after most of her passengers had gone ashore, for otherwise a disaster would have to be recorded equal to the burning of the ill-fated *Narragansett*, or one of the many Mississippi boats which have proved fiery tombs for so many people. As it is, the story is one merely of the destruction of property and two or three slight accidents to the men who strove to extinguish the flames.

The fire started in the kitchen of the *Bristol* at 6.20 A.M., and was discovered almost immediately. The alarm was given by several persons, and the crew began at once the effort to prevent the flames from spreading. The entire Fire Department of the city of Newport was also summoned, and for several hours a vigorous fight was made to save as much as possible of the boat, and to prevent the buildings on the dock and the other boats in the same slip from sharing her fate. This last was accomplished with difficulty, for the heat from the *Bristol* was so great as to set fire to the steam-boat *City of New Bedford*, which lay near by, and she and the *Pilgrim*, also close to the burning boat, had to be drenched continually with water to keep them from burning. Nothing, however, was saved of the *Bristol*, though there were no lives lost, and the passengers' luggage was all saved by quick work. The light dry joiner-work, such as is universally used in the construction of the upper part of steam-boats of this character, seems to defy all efforts of salvage, and burns always, as in this case, like veritable tinder. At noon she was burned to the water's edge; she was fast on the bottom, so that she could not be towed away, and the coal in her hold was thoroughly ignited. The insurance was $300,000, which is believed to cover the owners' loss.

Some of the escapes were narrow, for a number of passengers were still asleep in their state-rooms. One man, with two little children in his care, ran out undressed, but he and the little ones brought their clothing in their hands. Another man escaped without his clothing, having to run for his life. Engineer Merritt lost a thumb while working in the engine-room, but he let off all the steam, thus avoiding the danger of explosion. One or two fireman were slightly hurt, and the crew lost all their clothing.

The good fortune thus attendant even upon her destruction followed the *Bristol* throughout her existence. She had repeated narrow escapes, but no serious accident till the final one. She and the *Providence* were twin boats, built in 1866, and were, until the *Pilgrim* was built, the largest and finest of their kind in the world. Their dimensions were: length, 362 feet; beam, 48 feet; depth of hold, 16 feet; tonnage, 2962. The original cost of each boat was over a million dollars, and the company for whom they were designed—the Merchants' Steam-ship Company—had to be reorganized into the Narragansett Steam-ship Company before the ownership could be attained, as William H. Webb, the builder, had them covered with liens.

The reorganization was one of Fisk and Gould's characteristic pieces of financiering, and the two boats became at once vehicles for spreading Fisk's ostentatious vice. They have, however, from the first been favorite boats with the travelling public, on account of the luxury of their appointments and the excellence of their service.

## SALES OF BLOODED STOCK.

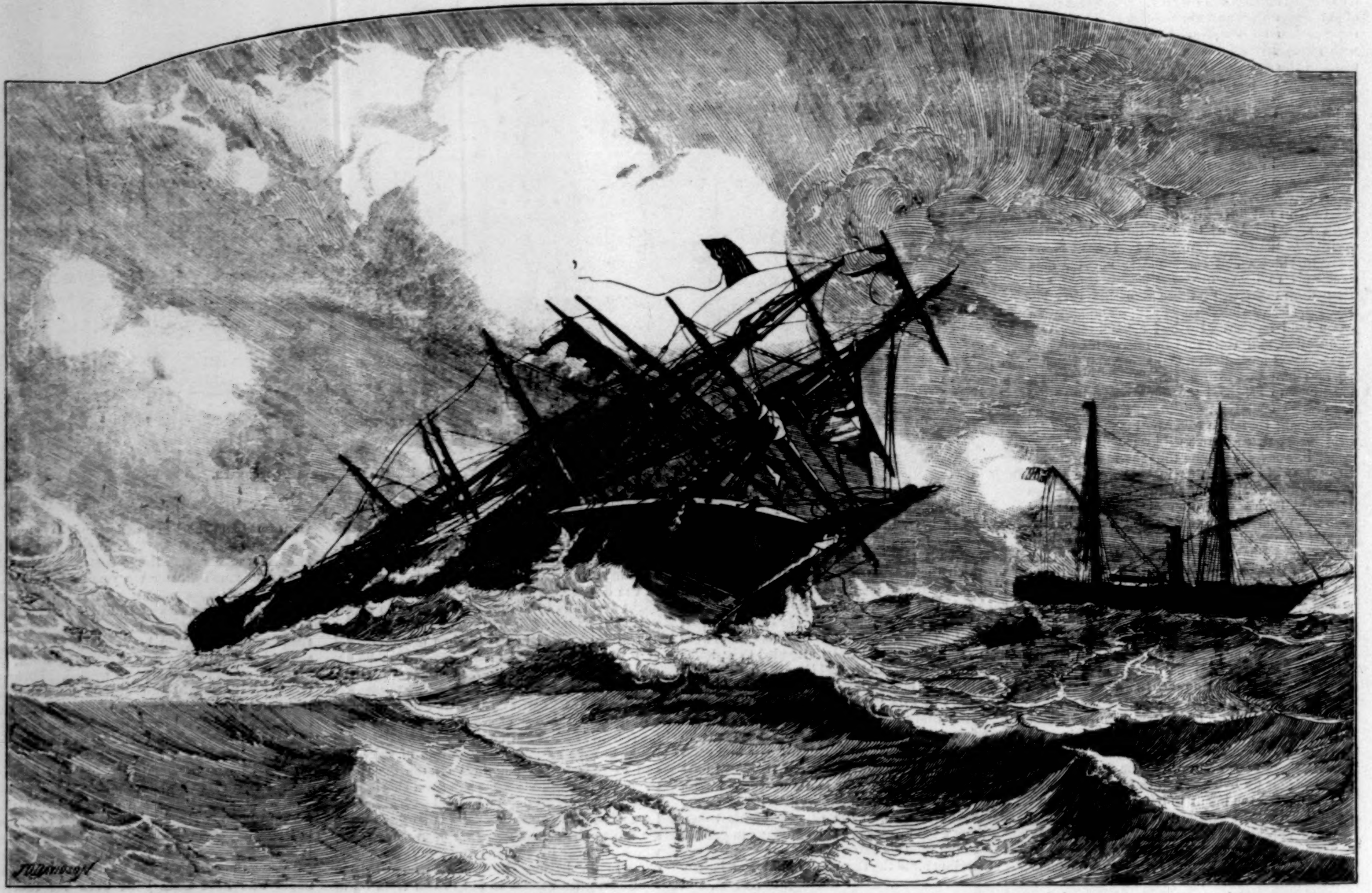
We have the horse census of this country for 1870 and 1880. Twenty years ago it was made out to be 7,145,370 horses. In 1880 it was 10,357,488 horses. We might calculate, then, that ten years ago there was something pretty nearly like one horse for every five people in the United States. Counting women and children with those having no want for horses, it would be almost supposable that some of our beggars might ply their calling on horseback. As we increase in population and wants augment, there are not, however, more horses than enough to go round. It would be beyond the power of guessing to premise what is to be the horse census of 1890. Some figures have been presented. One computer makes it over 15,000,000; but the data on which the total rests seems uncertain, although the augmentation in the West and on the Pacific side has been enormous.

In horse-producing power Illinois ranks first. New York does not breed as many horses as it wants, and her extra demand is supplied from the other States. The great cities use up most of the horses. Horse destruction in New York was much greater ten years ago than it is to-day. This does not arise as much as would be supposed from elevated railroads doing most of the carrying, for still innumerable street railroads are at work, but because there has been a somewhat improved stock put at the work, and animals are more carefully tended. Formerly city railroads bought most of their stock in quantity from the wholesale horse-dealers, and occasionally emergencies happen to-day when horses have to be procured in this way at short notice, but generally horses for street-cars are bought up one by one by agents outside of the cities. From $80 to $150 is about the lowest and highest figure for a car horse, the average being from $100 to $110. The great differences of climate in New York affect the durability of the car-horse. It is rather exceptional when his service exceeds six years, though cases are recorded of some animals who have done good work for fourteen years.

Taking the New York car horse as to appearance and condition, and remembering the hard work he is put to, no fault can be found with the companies' management. The horse ought to last longer, bearing in mind the care taken of him, but the stock is originally poor, for little heed has been taken as to the breeding of the right animal. The demand for truck horses in every city in the United States is large. A fair truck horse may be worth from $110 to $200 and more. There always is a special demand for express horses, which must be strong and active. Particular attention seems to have been devoted to the breeding of this kind of horse, and many of the animals seen in express wagons might find a place in private carriages; $700 a pair is not uncommon, and if the horses are young and well-matched, $900 is paid. A good-tempered, well-put-up, and fairly speeded pair of express horses make the safest of animals for carriage horses. No horses are as well kept or in finer condition than animals fortunate enough to belong to a great express company, and yet the horses get plenty of work, and are exposed to all kinds of weather. Express horses are rarely found on sale in the cities. Important companies always have their agents in the country picking up animals.

A special horse, which might be designated as the fancy horse—that is, as far as price goes—is about the last animal the non-hippic person would think about, and he is that very fine animal the brewer covets. There is a rivalry which extends from Milwaukee to New York as to the possession of the perfect four-horse brewer's team. Besides the real work these big horses do, no better advertisement can be had by the brewer, the soap manufacturer, or the sugar refiner. Some of these horses are worth $1000 apiece, and for one superb four-horse team owned in New York, all of the same color and alike in build, $6500 has been offered and declined. Not a fancy price for a pair of these horses would be $1600. These horses are bred generally in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Occasionally fair specimens come from Illinois. Too much Percheron blood does not seem to benefit them. To trace back their origin, they go back to that 'Shire stock Queen Philippa brought to England from Flanders. We ought to take some pride in this particular breed, as the animals have shown many useful qualities. The English brewer's horse is a superb elephant, but not adapted to our wants. When we come to carriage horses, the description of the best of them can be but vague; we have a poor standard. A good many fine sires, English and French, have been imported for the improvement of this special breed, but results have not been so far satisfactory.

The good saddle horse comes to market in very limited quantity from Kentucky, from Virginia, occasionally from Tennessee. He generally is clean-bred, but with a "stain," one or the other of his parents not being on the stud-book. A good saddle horse is the rarest of acquisitions. To be perfect he must have all the hippic perfections, physical and mental. He is hard to get; for at home, where his qualities are best known, his owner does not part with him. During the war there was a demand for a special cavalry horse, and he was no more procurable then than he is now. At present, when our mounted men are



WINTER ON THE ATLANTIC.—A UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER SUCCORING A SHIP IN DISTRESS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

in the far West a particular horse seems to be desirable. Take a Northern, Eastern, or even mid-Western horse, and put him on the plains, subject him to the hard work there, and certainly three out of the five leave their bones there for the wolves. With our vast extent of country and peculiarity of service we would want for cavalry a certain amount of good blood mixed with that of the acclimated animal. Occasionally foreign powers have made purchases of horses for their cavalry, taking our animals. Such horses coming from the Middle States were found to be, with rare exceptions, valueless. It is possible that—any kind of horse being better than none at all—American horses may be bought for slaughter on future French or German battle-fields, but for the present Hungary supplies the trooper's demand for those foreign states which keep stripped for the fight.

All our horses on the race-course are English, and came from the three great sires Herod, Matchem, and Eclipse. There is or there was an idea entertained some years ago that there had been diminution in the speed of the horse, and that of old there were horses which were longer stayers. The answer to this last is that in old days a horse ran two or three times a season; now a horse will run once a week for many months, and that without harm to himself. As to time, taking the famous record of Eclipse, it may be remarked that neither were measures of distance or time as accurate then as now. The stop-watch is a more perfect instrument to-day. The stamina of the horse is no worse now than in the past, for certainly the preparation he goes through to-day is more constant. Maybe he wears out, however, the faster; but for the natural reason that the race-horse of 1889 begins sooner at work and is kept longer at it than were his forefathers.

In the breeding of trotting horses, California has gone to the front. The one breeding farm at Palo Alto, valued with its stock at $3,000,000, has produced already young horses which show a trotting speed thought once impossible for animals of a maturer age. The soundest common-sense has been used in breeding, and a return to old principles, which is that there must be the best blood in the horse to give him not speed alone or a particular gait, but courage and endurance.

In the issue of Harper's Weekly of December 24th of last year there was a sketch by Mr. Zogbaum entitled "A Horse Auction on the Frontier." In the number of to-day Mr. Remington has made a picture of the "Auction Sale of Blooded Stock at the American Horse Exchange." We have within the compass of these two illustrations all the variations of circumstances which exist in the sale of horses. The cow-boy, to use his own words, "is busted," and must sell his horse. He acts as his own auctioneer, and "cries" his horse as he shows him. The sale of blooded stock in New York is a transaction carried out under entirely different circumstances. It has been heralded long before. Men who are of the turf have kept in mind even the date of the birth to a day of many of these royal youngsters. Deeply learned in such matters, every intricate question of genealogy has been studied. The excellence of a sire of half a century ago has been duly weighed against the defects of a dam of the same period. In some cases private information has been gained as to the qualifications of a peculiar colt to be sold, though such knowledge generally is of no value. He who wants to buy will of course be influenced by pedigree, something by the appearance of the yearling, but he knows that it is all a lottery, with one prize in the thousand blanks. The assemblage is mixed. You may see the well-made-up club lounger who runs his horses elbow to elbow with the badly dressed horsy man of doubtful antecedents. Tattersalls' is no more exclusive than is our most distinguished American horse mart. One by one the fine stock is led forth, and the youngsters are made to look their best. One thing that strikes any one not familiar with blooded horses is the apparent maturity of these colts. No gardener with a plant can force its growth as does a trainer his blooded stock. It is a race of animals which, apparently without hurt to itself, puts on form, grace, and muscle at an early age. If you look at some of the California stock, considering it only as a scaffold of bones, amazement comes when you think in how short a time the animal has built itself up. As to stamina we have nothing to say, for we are only representing the appearance of the animal.

The auctioneer has a knowing audience. He might dispense with the recitation of the pedigree of the yearling. Those who listen and have come to buy may know more than he does. Occasionally emphasis may be laid on some particular fact of late occurrence, where some prize of the turf had been won by an animal related to the one to be sold. Sometimes the yearlings are as placid and good-tempered as lambs. Occasionally they show temper, sometimes playfulness. Bad temper in a yearling, whenever exhibited, is against him. William Day, the greatest of English trainers and breeders, writes that he would disqualify a horse for bad temper, so that it would become impossible to "perpetuate a savage race of unreliable horses."

The starting price is the conventional one—anything, according to the imaginative fancy of the auctioneer; but soon a real sum is named by some one, and then there may be excitement. A well-bred likely youngster showing promise will sell from $2000 to $4000. The good prices which these yearlings fetched last spring in New York it is probable will induce the principal sales of fine stock to be made here, and not outside of the State as heretofore. Sales of trotting yearlings are hardly second in importance to those of blooded stock. They generally take place in Kentucky; but as California is contesting for the supremacy of the trotting animal, it is probable that sales there will be, in time, of great importance.

For the year ending November 30, 1888, we exported 249 horses, worth $121,632, or at an average value of $488 each. These horses were exceptional ones, a large part sent abroad for racing purposes, and many of them will return to the United States. Some few horses go to South America for improving native stock. We may be said, however, to do no outside business in horses.

## WINTER ON THE ATLANTIC.

The army of pleasure-seekers who throng the steamers in their passages over the great Atlantic ferry from May to December carry away but little sense of the awful terrors of the ocean in its wrath. Smiling seas, breezes vivified with the most wholesome of tonics, gorgeous floating hotels, and lively society rob the Atlantic voyage of its awe and dread. Probably twenty thousand people cross the most stormy of oceans every year with little but pleasant memories aside from the discomfort of sea-sickness.

Even in winter the steam voyage offers but little terror to a hardy traveller. It is to those who have to brave the perils of the sailing ship in winter that the god of the sea presents his sternest visage. Let us fancy one of these vessels approaching our inhospitable coast carried on the wings of a fierce northeast storm. Black skies, a howling waste of tumbling waters, which frequently sweep the decks from stem to stern, sails and ropes frozen hard as iron, a cutting blast, which differs from still cold as a bullet singing from the muzzle of a rifle differs from a snow-ball, a deadly lee shore like that of Long Island or New Jersey, insatiable grave-yard of men and ships from time immemorial—such are the conditions which try the souls of sailor men to the extreme limit of patient hardihood or heroic courage. Many ships approaching our coast in winter are obliged to put to sea again in case of storm, and seek the refuge of the Gulf Stream.

Severe disasters have been greatly lessened in number and character by the efficiency of our gallant Life-saving Service and the Revenue Marine, but each year still records some appalling fact to show how frail are man's endeavors to bridle the terrors of the untamable deep. In the dreary catalogue of official documents there are two reports made to the Secretary of the Treasury, those summarizing the year's work of these two branches of government service, which are full of the romance of heroism. Simple language embodies splendid deeds of unknown men that rarely find publicity in "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time"—the newspaper, though this sweep-net but too often gives to rascals that boon satirized by James Russell Lowell in his terrible epitaph on Jim Fisk:

> "Fame, too, he bought, our modern sort of fame,
> The morning columns reeking with his name."

The Life-saving Service was fully reorganized in 1873, and got crystallized into its excellent working system in 1878. The functions of this great agency, which owes its value to the indefatigable efforts of our New York Congressman "Sunset" Cox, are well supplemented by the labors of the vessels of the Revenue Marine. Captain Merryman, the veteran inspector, was trained in this service, and the assistant inspectors and deputy superintendents of the life-saving stations are all officers of revenue-cutters. The primary purpose of these vessels, the work of the customs service, was, after the disastrous winter of 1837, extended to a nobler scope—that of cruising for imperilled ships. This object was carried on in conjunction with the other, and there has grown up among the people of the Revenue Marine the keenest rivalry in their dangerous and gallant work. Officers and blue-jackets are moved by the same impulse to score the biggest record of life and property snatched from the jaws of the deep. Like the glory of the Apache warrior, it is a question of scalps, but of scalps saved, not taken.

When government vessels were first detailed for this purpose several of them were lost, for the rescuing ship runs nearly double the peril in her noble mission. When sails, however, were changed for steam, danger was lessened and effectiveness increased. There are thirty-six revenue-cutters, which at all seasons of the year keep a sharp lookout for signals of distress. But on ordinary occasions any losses incurred by the government ship have to be made good by the owners of vessels, and salvage is reckoned. This grew out of the complaints of the owners of tugs, which find a lucrative business in rescuing disabled vessels. Government, of course, could not enter into competition with private citizens. Cupidity is often strong in the very face of death, and the captain of a ship would prefer the help of a revenue cruiser which cost him nothing to that of a more expensive rescue.

But, with the incoming of winter storms and the terrible stress of cold, commercial delicacy shrivels up before the paramount need. To save life is the one thought. With the 1st of December eight cutters go on this noble detail, and stand off from three to six marine leagues from shore, ranging these stormy hunting-grounds like stag-hounds in pursuit of game. This heroic work is prosecuted with the keenest vigilance in dirty weather. These vessels are from two hundred and fifty to four hundred tons in size, and carry crews of about thirty men each. They are equipped with an extra complement of life-boats, and with other life-saving apparatus, with ample supplies of provisions and clothing. The statistics of all of man's work in this world become eloquent when we get behind cold figures. Gladstone can make a budget as interesting as a novel. But we need no such help to illumine the arithmetic of lives saved from the maw of the pitiless seas, or of lives sacrificed that others may be saved. Well has it been sung:

> "Whether on the scaffold high
> Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place for man to die
> Is where he dies for man."

This is the high ideal up to which the rough sailor men as well as the officers of the Revenue Marine must live in the daily duties of their winter work, ready to undergo any peril with dauntless pluck. All honor to men who perform such duties, and a larger recognition of their courage and usefulness!

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 27.]

# THE CAVALRYMAN AND HIS WEAPONS.

WITH thousands of miles of sea-coast absolutely defenceless; an artillery force unprovided with the necessary modern weapons and equipment to render it efficient, and so small as to be unable to properly garrison (not to speak of keeping in repair) even the obsolete fortifications we possess; a militia intelligent, patriotic, and enthusiastic, but, except in the cases of a few of the States, badly organized, and exercised only in the least important part of a soldier's duties, the ordinary drill—this great country, the giant of the nations in its mighty but undeveloped and untrained strength, is unable to protect itself against the attack of even a second-rate power. While we may proudly boast of a corps of commissioned officers who, in their education, their courage, their devotion to their profession under the most trying and discouraging circumstances, are the peers of any in the civilized world, a mistaken and short-sighted "policy," supported by a careless "public opinion," as represented by the legislative branches of the government, provides for a "regular establishment" pitifully insignificant in point of numbers when compared with our enormous population, and considering the vital interests at stake in the event of war. Although it will, let us hope, never be necessary to maintain in this fortunate country anything approaching the vast hordes of armed men that are a burden to the people and a constant menace to the peace of Europe, still the popular idea that soldiers may be had ready made, so to speak, at a moment's notice, is an error fraught with danger to the security and tranquillity of the nation.

By act of Congress the strength of the army of the United States is limited to 25,000 enlisted men (less than one soldier to every 2500 of the inhabitants of the country), and this comparatively little band of disciplined troops is scattered all over our vast territory in such small detachments and often in such isolated positions that the great majority of the people never have seen a body of regular soldiers, and have no appreciation or idea of the constant training and practice, the experience and knowledge, required to keep the army in such state of efficiency as the circumstances under which it exists will permit.

In modern warfare the proper instruction of the individual soldier is of the greatest value to the whole mass. For all three of the arms—artillery, infantry, and cavalry—that go to make up the fighting strength of any army, special and careful training is required, and particularly is this the case with the last-mentioned arm. The importance of a well-organized, thoroughly equipped, and efficient cavalry force cannot be too highly estimated, and it has been not inaptly termed the "eyes of an army." Thrown out in detachments and again individually in the front, the cavalry furnishes not only a screen to the manœuvres of its friends, but serves also as a means of acquiring information as to the movements of the enemy's troops. The great advance made in the efficiency of fire-arms in the last twenty-five years would seem to diminish the utility of cavalry as a fighting arm, but the experience of late wars has not confirmed this view of the matter, and in all the large armies of the world the greatest care and attention are accorded to the mounted troops. The theory in America—well substantiated by the events of the civil war—is that this force is most valuable as a dragoon force; that is to say, armed both with fire-arms and the sabre, and equally competent to fight on foot or on horseback. When the time and attention necessary to make even an ordinarily skilful horseman are considered, it will be readily admitted that much more time and care are required in the education of the cavalry soldier. At the close of the war the Federal cavalry was probably as well trained a body of horsemen, some of our European critics to the contrary notwithstanding, as this century has produced, but it was not until the "conflict between the States" had been in progress for two years that the volunteer cavalry had reached a high point of efficiency in the use of all its arms.

The "regular" cavalry as at present organized comprises ten regiments of twelve troops each, and is armed with sabre, breech-loading carbine, and revolver. Some officers advocate the entire abandonment of the weapon first mentioned as a part of the cavalryman's equipment, alleging that the revolver in the hands of mounted men, well trained in its use, is a far more effective weapon than the sabre. That this theory is not advanced without due consideration on the part of its supporters may be seen by the results on the practice ground. According to a report made by Colonel J. C. KELTON, Assistant Adjutant-General, "Eight men out of three companies made sixty-three, seventy-four, and ninety per cent. of hits with the pistol at the gallop, six shots advancing from one hundred yards, and, reloading, six shots in retreat, in one minute and fifteen seconds. The best individual score with the pistol, mounted, firing six shots approaching at the gallop between one hundred yards and ten yards of the target, then reloading and firing six shots in retreat at the gallop, was seventy-two per cent., and of hits ninety-five per cent. These results were obtained after ten days' practice." Captain W. P. HALL, of the Fifth Cavalry, who has given the subject much thought and study, states in a paper read recently at a meeting of the United States Cavalry Association that the "maximum range of the sabre is four and a half feet; that of the revolver is equally good at thirty feet, with possibilities far beyond that distance. The rapidity of execution with the sabre, four seconds, while that of the revolver is less than one second.... In three and one-half seconds an expert pistol-shot can fire with accuracy five shots from a revolver at a distance of over ten yards, with horse at a run....I am thoroughly convinced that one thousand men trained to use this weapon, mounted, would surpass in efficiency ten thousand cavalry such as we now have, and I furthermore fully believe they would in close quarters be far more than a match for double their number of infantry."

However conclusive these arguments may seem as to the relative merits of the two weapons, the majority of cavalry officers, particularly those who have seen service during the late war, are totally opposed to the abandonment of the sabre as the "cavalryman's favorite weapon." It must be said that, as far as we know, the friends of the revolver do not quote any incident in which two large bodies of cavalry coming in contact, the men using the pistol in the charge, defeated their antagonists who relied upon the sabre. Captain HALL, it is true, mentions the fact that a "remnant of QUANTRELL'S command" attacked a body of cavalry, greatly its superior in point of numbers, with their pistols, and killed all but eight or ten of their enemies; but, on the other hand, the evidence in support of the superiority of the sabre, when employed by cavalry opposed to cavalry using the pistol alone, is greatly to the advantage of the former arm. The success of the final charges made by the troopers of GREGG'S command in his fight with STUART on the field of Gettysburg "was attributed by the victors to the steadiness and efficiency with which they used the sabre, *en masse*, against greatly superior numbers of the enemy, many of whom had exchanged that weapon for the revolver." An officer of experience, both in service during the war and on the frontier since then, holds that the revolver had a fair trial in the war, "when it was in the hands of men more familiar with its uses than any other people in the world." When our troopers had become able to properly handle the sabre and to charge with it, the pistol "fell into contempt and disuse." "No tactics, says Captain CARR, "have been yet devised or suggested by which any large force of cavalry using revolvers can charge another, and it is very doubtful that it can be done. For any cavalry to charge successfully, the officer must lead it, not get in rear to encourage or drive it. Troop-leading is essentially the duty of the cavalry officer. Over rough country every change of direction made by the commanding officer of a regiment or troop should be conformed to by the command at once, without waiting for orders. To permit this to be done, the officers must be well to the front where they can be seen. Now the question arises, Can they occupy their position while all the men behind them are holding loaded and cocked revolvers in their hands?....Again, all officers of experience know how difficult it is to preserve fire discipline in the ranks of infantry, and will understand why it will be a hundredfold more difficult, if not impossible, in charging, revolver in hand." No doubt the revolver, when handled by a well-trained horseman practised in its use, is a weapon by no means to be despised, and its value, "when employed in its proper sphere—that is, by individuals, by small parties of cavalry when open-order fighting is made necessary by the nature of the ground"—will readily be conceded by the most enthusiastic lovers of the "*arme blanche*, the beautiful white weapon."

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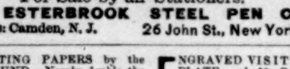


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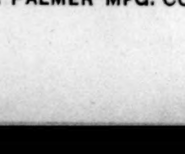
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# COREA, THE CHOSÖN LAND.

BY CHARLES CHAILLÉ LONG, SECRETARY OF LEGATION, SEOÛL.

"*I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot.*"—Much Ado About Nothing.

I.

FROM the earliest period in the world's history there has ever been some spot upon the surface of the globe which, enshrouded in mystery, has served as a point of attraction to the zealous and ambitious seeker after the unknown. Yesterday, and back through unnumbered centuries, the Nile Sources was the Eldorado which excited the desire even of nations to discover. To-day, Corea, the "Hermit Nation," which has had also its phase of fable and fiction, is attracting the world's attention, and must be regarded at this moment as one of the last of the undiscovered countries of the globe—the veritable *Ultima Thule.*

The pseudonym of "Hermit Nation" has attached to Corea, not because of vast deserts and deadly jungles which interposed as physical barriers to constitute the Nile Sources a region of myths and mysteries—for Corea, situated in the open sea, had none of these to bar ingress—but because of a persistent policy of isolation which, consecrated by time, became in fact a sort of Corean religion. To be let alone by the *So Yang Saram* (Men from the Western ocean), this was the policy of government which had been successfully maintained by the present dynasty, and which from the débris of invasion was formed into a nation which called itself the "Little Brother" of China.

The subjoined extract from a letter addressed to the American Admiral immediately after the bombardment of *Kang-Whai* in 1871, in an affair known as "Our little war with the Heathen," will serve to illustrate the spirit which formerly animated the "Hermit Nation." It said: "This people has lived four thousand years in the enjoyment of its own civilization, and we want no other. We trouble no other nation; why do you trouble us? Our country is in the extreme east, and yours on the extreme west. For what purpose do you come so many thousand miles across the sea? Is it to inquire about the ship destroyed (the *General Sherman*)? Her men committed piracy and murder, and they were punished with death. Do you want our land? That cannot be. Do you want intercourse with us? That cannot be, either."

Such was the policy of ancient Corea. A decade later, whether from a spirit of curiosity to know something of a world to which she had always been a stranger, or jealousy of her ancient adversary, who had but recently opened her ports to the United States, Corea made first a treaty with Japan, and later on, through Admiral SHUFELDT, of the United States Navy, with the United States—treaties which were followed by those of England, Russia, France, Germany, and Italy.

The thunder of French guns in '66, and "Our little war with the Heathen" in '71, doubtless contributed not a little in creating in Corea a sentiment of national pride which led up to the treaties. The attention of two such great nations as France and America undoubtedly touched the vanity of Corea, and, *grâce* to the booms at *Kang-Whai*, the barriers of prejudice, though consecrated by "four thousand years of its own civilization," were thrown down finally and forever.

The transition from the old to the new, however, was not to be left unchallenged by the party in favor of the old régime. The discussions and rivalries of the opposing factions culminated in the riots of '82 and '84, which, strangely enough, spent themselves entirely upon the Japanese, who met them with that heroism and valor for which they are distinguished. It is worthy of remark that in neither of these affairs was one single European assailed or insulted, and we must naturally conclude that unnecessary prominence was given to an ebullition which in fact was little else than a "family jar." The triumph of a liberal, progressive spirit in Corea has been marked by the sending of two ambassadors, one to the United States, and the other accredited to the European treaty powers; and in this manner Corea has given emphasis to her début into the family of nations, even though it should prove to be as the "Little Brother" of China. The present King of Corea, His Majesty LI, is descended from the dynasty founded by NI-TADJO, and is the twenty-eighth sovereign of the line. Subsequent to the fall of the Mongol dynasty from the dragon throne of China in the year 1368, NI-TADJO, then a young soldier of great reputation and intelligence, was chosen as king of Corea. It was TADJO, with the instincts of the soldier, who caused the capital of his kingdom to be removed to its present site, with a view to its admirable system of defences which were subsequently erected. His Majesty LI nominally assumed the reins of government in 1863, when but twelve years of age; but in fact his father, the TAI-WEN-KUN, of cruel and infamous reputation, acted as regent until 1873, when the King assumed authority. His Majesty is known as TAI-CHOSÖN, TAI-KUN-CHU (Great King, of Great Chosön). He governs with three Prime-ministers, who hold the rank and title of Yong-Wei-Chung, Choa-Wei-Chung, and Wo-Wei-Chung, Councillors of the Middle and the Left and Right wings. Under these are six boards or departments, each having a president, with an unlimited number of vice-presidents, namely: the *Ei-cho*, or Board of Appointments; the *Ho-Io*, Revenue; the *Ye-Io*, Rites and Ceremonies; *Pyong-Io*, War; *Hung-Io*, Punishment; *Kong-Io*, Public Works. The chiefs of these departments hold the rank and title of *Pansa*, *Champan*, and *Chamwei*, to which are added a number of low-rank men, called *Chusa*, or messengers, who act also as interpreters.

The revenues are derived from a land tax and a customs service organized originally by the Chinese Customs Service, and composed of Europeans principally, an American gentleman from Boston being the chief.

The army is still an unknown quantity, mainly composed of archers and men armed with pikes, halberds, and ancient armor of steel. There are a number of regiments armed with the Remington, and with these a half-dozen Gatling-guns. It is the old and new met face to face—the extremes which touch. Four American officers have arrived only now in Corea for the purpose of instructing the Corean army in modern methods of warfare.

II.

Corea is no longer the "Hermit Nation," and has cast her fortunes and her future with that outside world to which she looks for coveted advancement. Corea is still a myth; it is pertinent, therefore, to answer the query so often propounded, "Where is Corea?"

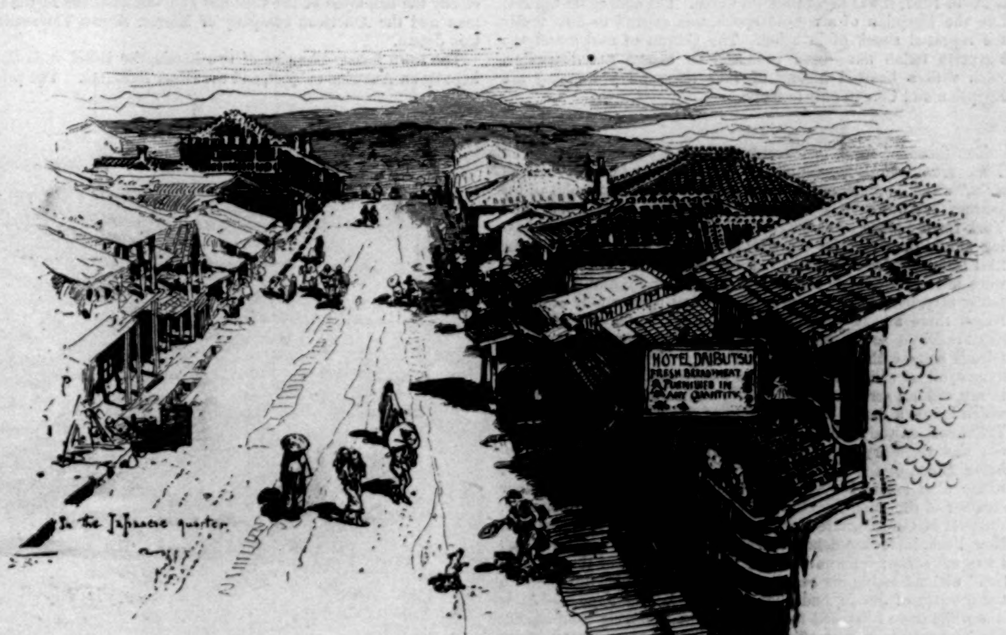
Chosön—for such is the popular name of the land—drops down in a peninsula from the extreme northeast of China and Manchuria into the Pacific Ocean from the 43d parallel north to the 34th parallel south, and is contained within the 125th and 131st degrees of longitude east. The northern frontier is marked by the rivers Yalu and Tumen, each having its source (supposed) in the famous *Pak-tu-San* (Ever-White Mountain), a place of much mystery and legends innumerable. North of these rivers lie Russia and Manchuria, and to the northwestward China. The Yalu running west, and the Tumen east to the Yellow and Japan seas, cut the peninsula in twain, thus giving rise to the popular idea that Corea is an island, a quibble about which the reader will not care to dwell.

The contour of the peninsula, if we may indulge our imagination, is that of the body of a dragon, the favorite ideal emblem of power to the Corean mind. To establish the comparison, let us suppose the dragon's head to rest upon the mouth of the Tumen River, on the Sea of Japan, the ears to project up Cape Bruat, the neck forming the indentation at Broughton Bay, the shoulders and back Capes Duroch and Pelissier, the tail at Chosan, prolonged to Quelpaert Island, and the pedal extremities resting upon the islands of the archipelago in the South Yellow Sea, and north in the mouths of the Yalu and Ta-Tong rivers.

The backbone of the dragon, on the eastern part of the peninsula, is a sinuous range of mountains forming a sort of wall along the Japan Sea to the south. The country descends in slopes and circuitous monticles toward the west, forming a succession of fertile valleys through which, on their way to the Yellow Sea, run the rivers Han, the Ta-Tong, the Yalu, and others of less importance. The climate of Corea is cold in winter, but dry and hot in summer, the spring and autumnal seasons mild and unsurpassed. The flora presents an unlimited field for the student in botany, and the hills and mountains around the capital are adorned with rich and unknown varieties of every kind of flower *à l'état sauvage.* The chrysanthemum grows to great perfection, and the queen of flowers is the subject of unending odes and idyls of the people in its honor. The fauna consists of the bear, boar, deer, leopard, and the tiger. The presence of this latter, to be found in great numbers not far from the capital, and much more vigorous and with longer hair, must remain an enigma to the naturalist. Native to

MAP OF THE CHOSÖN LAND.

the jungles of India, how comes it that he has come to Corea? And having come, how is it that he is aclimated? Game of almost every description is plentiful, and the wild swan, geese, ducks, bustards, and golden pheasants abound. The rivers and estuaries afford oysters, clams, and terrapin. Corea is the land of the gormand. The mineral resources of the country are great, and gold, silver, lead, and copper mines offer great inducements




A STREET IN THE JAPANESE QUARTER OF CHEMULPO.

to the capitalist. The country is divided into eight *do*, or provinces, under the government of *Kamsas* and *Quanjongs*, subordinate governors. The population is roughly estimated at twelve million souls.

The mists of Chinese traditions from which Corea's past history is principally drawn are too vague and interminable to enter into this sketch. Nor would they prove interesting to the reader, who, it will be assumed, has neither the time nor patience to digest them. VOLTAIRE, apropos to this as long ago as 1744, said in a work entitled *Nouvelles considérations sur l'histoire:* "Cette histoire ancienne me parait à l'égard de la moderne ce que sont les vieilles médailles en comparaison des monnaies courantes: les premières restent dans les cabinets; les secondes circulent dans l'univers pour le commerce des hommes."

Corean history begins from the year 1122 B.C., with KITSU as the first king. KITSU is the *pater patriæ* of Chosön, and his tomb, in the adjacent province, is a place sacred to all Coreans. This king is said to have made eight laws, which were so well observed that "theft was unknown, no house barred, no store locked, and no woman unfaithful." Now there is a sad falling off from the days of the good KITSU. To repress theft became quite common. A clever headsman is at times quite busy, locks and bars are an acknowledged necessity, and woman—well, woman is said to be unfaithful. Alas! and yet there are those who maintain that all is progress in this our nineteenth century.

The story of KITSU is that he was a Chinese nobleman, wearied with the incessant strife in his own country, and came to Corea for peace and quiet. Enchanted with the country, he called the country Chosön—the land of the "Morning Calm"—name by which it is popularly known at the present day. The reign of KITSU was maintained in peace and good government, and his dynasty perpetuated to the fourth century of the Christian era. About this epoch there commenced that mysterious commotion on the plateau of Manchuria which has ever been an enigma for the student of history. From the steppes and plains there came like a mighty avalanche the Kitain, Hun, Mongol, Turk, and Tartar, who, sweeping into and over Asia, tumbled over into Europe, and crushed under its colossal weight the empire of Rome itself. Corea did not escape the overflow; she was fairly in its path. In the thirteenth century came the legions led by the redoubtable Ghenghis and Khubla Khan, and what with subsequent invasions by the Japanese in 1592 and 1615, and the Mongol and Manchieu hosts in 1637, it was night-time for Corea. The aboriginal Corean, like the Egyptian of a remote epoch, was ground to dust under the repeated shock of invasion. The Corean of to-day and the Egyptian fellah have been produced by causes not dissimilar. Each with a boasted history of four thousand years, they are Egyptian and Corean only in name.

III.

Ten thousand miles of travel by land and water separate New York from Seoûl, the capital of Corea, that "farthest inch of Asia," which became most unexpectedly the objective point of my journey eastward. On the 3d of September, 1887, I left New York for my place of destination on the steamer *Louisiana*, having ample time to take the *City of Peking*, which sailed on the 21st following for Yokohama. I was in good company, for there were missionaries and their wives and children, numbering certainly fifty, bound for all parts of the East upon a tour of proselytism there among the so-called "heathen." On the wharf in San Francisco, as the vessel pushed off, a vast concourse of their friends sang with much vim and feeling, "Over There" and like hymns, all of which were very sad indeed, but which, I am sorry to say, did not serve us much in propitiation of the Pacific Ocean, which led us a dance from the time of departure until arrival at Yokohama on the 10th of October. A delay of eight days in that city was necessary, to await the departure of the steamer *Yokohama Maru*, of the Nippon Yusur Kaisha Company (Japanese), which took me to Nagasaki on the 25th, and thence by another steamer of the same line, two days afterward, direct to Chemulpo, the port of Corea, where I arrived on the 28th, fifty-six days from New York, including delays *en route*—delays in Japan for which I was not sorry; for who has ever visited the land of the "Rising Sun" without losing his heart—some have lost their heads—with the country of Japan, and above all with *la belle Japonaise?* It was while there I listened for the first time to a song composed in her honor by a gallant officer of the United States navy which is much in vogue, and justly entitles the author to the rank and title of poet-laureate. The ode idyllizes one beautiful Oyuchasan, and, to the tune of Rosalie, runs thus:

"I call her the belle of Japan, of Japan;
Her name it is Oyuchasan, Yuchasan.
Such tenderness lies
In her soft almond eyes—
I tell you she's just *ichi ban*.

"Artistic indeed is her pose, her pose,
And quaint is the style of her clothes, her clothes,
From the ornaments rare
In her glossy black hair
To the clogs on her dear pigeon toes," etc.

The good little steamer *Tsuruga Maru*, commanded by the affable Captain HUSSEY, one of the best captains that ever hailed from Cape Cod—for Captain HUSSEY, although twenty years in the service of the Nippon Yusur Kaisha, is a Simon-pure Yankee—cast anchor in the outer harbor of Chemulpo in the early morning of the 28th of October. I had just laid aside a volume entitled *Chosön, the Land of the Morning Calm*, in which the author had painted Corea in all the prisms of the chromatic spectrum—a clean book, but enthusiastic beyond comprehension. LOCKE has defined enthusiasm as "rising from the conceits of a warmed or overweening imagination." Now what in the name of all the *Immortales Deos* had warmed up the author in his roseate picture of the land of Chosön I ween not. Certain it is that as I looked upon the long line of mud flats which separated us from the harbor, the dull, dreary landscape, and the leaden hue of land and sky, my mind went back to the dark and dismal regions of Gondokoro as it appeared to me years before, when with Chinese GORDON I first set eyes upon the capital of the Dark Continent. Yet Chemulpo—Corea, in fact—is a paradise compared to Central Africa, but it certainly is not up to the colors painted by the author, and it is not Oriental at all.

Chemulpo, better known as Inchön, in '82, the year of the treaties, was a mere native fishing village; it is now a town of considerable importance, and is situated at the mouth of the Han River, which, through sixty miles of tortuous windings, leaves Seoûl, or rather Mappo, the inland part of Seoûl, on its right bank. The overland road, however, to the capital is only 27 miles, and it is over this that the principal traffic is carried on, mainly on the backs of bullocks, ponies, and coolie porters. Chemulpo boasts already of a foreign settlement, in which the Japanese and Chinese merchants form the greater element. The Europeans are chiefly the employés of the Customs and the members of the German and the American company of Messrs. MORSE, TOWNSEND, & Co., Japan.

The town boasts likewise of two hotels, the Hôtel de la Corée, kept by an Austrian subject, and the Hôtel Daibutsu. The proprietor of the latter hostlery is a fat, round-bellied, well capon-lined, jolly fellow—a typical Japanese, not certainly of the daimio class, but of the hard-working, hard-fisted peasantry of his country. DAIBUTSU, with speculation in his eyes, followed an American man-of-war to Corea. He is a man of many parts, and his beer and other good cheer are declared to be *ichi ban* by the American officers whom he puts up when in port. DAIBUTSU, in addition to being a hotel-keeper, is also banker, broker, butcher, baker, and, last of all, bootmaker, in all of which he is said to be a success and a positive *sine qua non* to Chemulpo.

The United States vessel *Palos* is almost constantly stationed at Chemulpo, and on my arrival I was courteously received on board by her commander and the officers of the wardroom, to whom I had the honor to be known and remembered by reason of my association with a great number of their colleagues at the bombardment of Alexandria. The poet-laureate officer heretofore cited had been assigned to duty on the *Palos*, and had already made the antiquated craft the subject of his muse. The officers at night sang with much force and feeling the following in honor of the *Palos:*

"I'll give you a short dissertation
On a frigate we call the *Palos;*
The pride and the pet of the station,
Of all others she is the boss.
Go search all the waters of China,
Australia, Corea, Japan,
You'll not find another that's finer,
Or built on a similar plan.

*Chorus:*

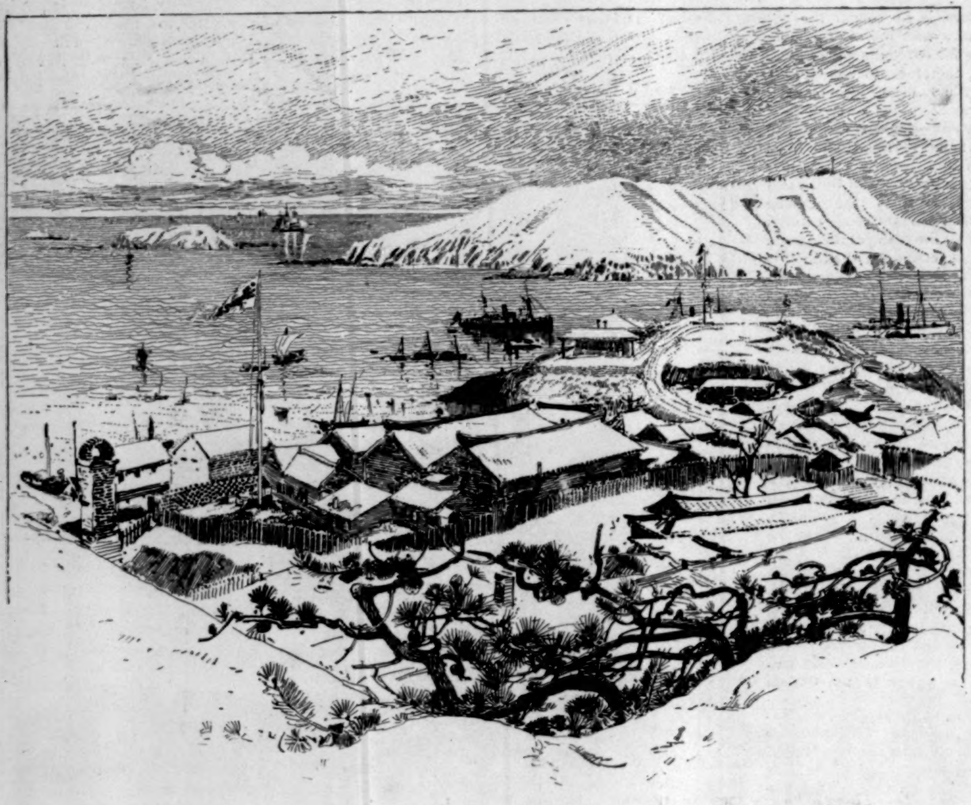
"The *Palos!* She's the boss!
You bet your sweet life she's a daisy;
She can beat all the fleet—
That's a truth which cannot be denied.
Oh, my eye! She can fly
With a speed that would truly amaze you.
Then ha, ha! and hurrah
For the *Palos*, America's pride.

"Some jealous ones try to abuse her,
And say that she never leaves port;
But indeed she's a stanch little cruiser,
And one of a very good sort.
She came from America here,
And every port she's been in;
She knows all Japan and Corea,
And the coast from Hong-Kong to Tien-Tsin.
*Chorus.*

"We don't think she's much of a beauty;
We're none of us struck on her style;
But why should all think it their duty
This poor little craft to revile?
I notice they all wish to come here—
So many, their names I forget;
They rank from the senior lieutenant
'Way down to the novel cadet. *Chorus.*

"Have you any stores antiquated,
Or something too old to repair,
Or guns back to Noah's Ark dated,
Or uniforms no one can wear?
Don't call a survey to expend them,
Our country might suffer a loss;
No, no, 'twere much better to send them
On board of the frigate *Palos*. *Chorus.*

"Our navy is greatly encumbered
With ships that are worn out and old;
The *Palos* among them is numbered,
And soon for old junk she'll be sold.
Like that little dog in the story
Which went by the surname of Tray,
The *Palos*, though still in her glory,
Will soon be put out of the way." *Chorus.*



THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO.

The streets of Chemulpo resemble those of the typical frontier town, in which the beer and grog shops are the principal features. It is singular that the first steps toward Western civilization are made through the medium of beer and rum. It either kills or cures. It killed the Indian in America, but there need be no fear of its harming the Corean, who, when found, was already a phenomenal *buveur*.

On the day of my arrival I received a visit from Mr. SOSAQUA, a native gentleman interested in the American Company. Mr. SOSAQUA is a frank, intelligent man, with none of the *détours* of the Oriental. What he has to say he says bluntly and to the point. To illustrate this: During a lapse in the conversation, in which he was curious to learn about the great Western World from whence I had come, it happened that I asked the Corean words for cat and dog. SOSAQUA, mistaking my question for an *inquirendo* as to the state of the feline and canine species, abruptly asked, "This stranger, why does he ask about cats and dogs? Are they more important than Corean men and women?" It came as a poser, and I joined heartily in the laugh which ensued and at my expense.

SOSAQUA is a member of the powerful *Poosang*, or Corean guild, the existence of which in Corea is a proof that the Oriental prolétaire, since many centuries—as also in China—has taken means to protect himself against the tyranny of government as well as capital. The *Poosang* has a thorough organization, numbers one hundred thousand members, and is bound together by the most rigid rules and regulations, which make it a great political and commercial force, a veritable "power behind the throne"—all the more strange, indeed, in a country supposed to be so autocratic as Corea. Dr. MCGLYNN is advised that he may learn a lesson for the guidance of his Anti-Poverty Society, if he will, from the Corean.

On the morning of the 29th I set out for the capital in a sedan

SEOÛL, LOOKING TOWARD NAM-SAU.

THE UNITED STATES LEGATION IN SEOÛL, LOOKING NORTH.

chair, borne by four coolies, with four reliefs, who receive fourteen hundred cash each, equal to one dollar. *Ergo* eight dollars for the journey of twenty-seven miles—expensive enough, it will be seen. The road runs through numerous villages of straw huts, well provided with *buffets*, which form the great delight of the Corean, whose appetite and digestive powers are prodigious. If labor in Corea is cheap, so also is living. A meal of soup, meat, *kimchee*, a sort of *sauer-kraut*, with a compote of persimmon, can be procured for fifty cash—scarcely more than four cents! The Corean, therefore, is not wretched. On the contrary, I have never seen a people, whether prince or peasant, who had not dined or was about to dine; in fact, *bonstificotuh* seems to be the chief ambition of the native man in Corea.

The persimmon is the principal fruit of Corea, and is large and really delicious, and is to the Corean that which the date is to the Arab. I am not sure but the good King KITSU meant to call the country *Kam* (the native name for persimmon), instead of Chosön, Land of the Morning *Calm;* still, I do not insist. In truth Corea is the land *par excellence* of the *kam*.

The country which separates Chemulpo from the capital is a succession of amphitheatral hills, the barriers and valleys intervening forming fine paddy fields, rice and wheat being the principal articles of cultivation.

Mappo is situated ten li, or three miles, from the capital, of which it is really a suburb. On the right bank of the river and on an eminence, it is reached by means of wherries, which incessantly ply to and fro with the interminable trains of bullocks and ponies; and what with the river craft and fishing-smacks moored along the shore, the town wears quite an air of commercial activity and life. Warned by the declining sun, I urged my coolies forward lest the gates should be closed, in which case, I was told, I must needs, as often happens, spend the night with the multitude of laggards who are each day shut out—the law of shutting and opening being so inexorable that only the parole of the King can alter.

The approach to Seoûl is imposing. In the distance, and at this hour, Pok-Sau, with its formidable companions, looms up upon the horizon, showing in *alto-rilievo* its bare sides, along and over which climb the high walls of the encircled city; and here and there can be seen the majestic gates which give ingress. Distance, however, lends enchantment to the view; for, once within, one finds himself surrounded with the wretched straw habitations, the cesspools, and odors rank, which quite dispel the illusion produced by seeing it under the rays of the sun from without.

In the twilight of the 29th of October I entered the west gate, and turning sharply to the right, amid the curious gaze of the hundreds of Coreans who lined the narrow ways, and who asked at every moment, whilst thrusting their faces into the windows of my chair, "*Nu gunya?*" (Who comes there?), and receiving invariably the reply, "*So yang Saram*" (A man from the Western ocean). Having passed this ordeal successfully, I was shortly after put down in the compound of the United States Legation, in the Chong-Dong district of the city, and having been welcomed by the United States Minister Resident, I was assigned to the little house of yamen-like architecture which was to be my home during my stay in Seoûl.

IV.

Seoûl, as we have seen, was constructed in the fourteenth century by King TADJO. It lies in 37° 30′ north latitude and 127° 4′ east longitude, in a valley running from northeast to southwest in the form of an irregular oblong, flanked on the north and south by the two great mountains, Pok-Sau (North Mountain) and Nam-Sau (South Mountain), giant sentries on whose summits are lit each night, and since four hundred years, the fires (answering signals) which announce peace or danger to the land of Chosön.

The city is surrounded by a crenellated wall, twenty and even thirty feet in height in places, and from two to three feet in breadth. It climbs the precipitous mountain-sides and crosses hill and valley, giving to the great *enceinte* the appearance of some vast castle of feudal days. Seven great gates of solid masonry, built after the style of the Chinese yamen, give ingress to the city. The north gate, immediately under the shadow of Pok-Sau, is devoted exclusively to the use of the King, and leads to the mountain fortress of Pok-Han, a retreat provided by the founder of Seoûl in case of danger to the royal family. A long main street, about one hundred feet wide, runs east and west, and divides the city into two equal portions. Another street, fifty feet wide, intersects the main street at right angles. These two, in fact, are the only streets which merit the name; the rest are mere alleyways and ditches, foul with filth and noisome odors. At the point of intersection of the principal streets, the quarter known as the *Chong-No*, there stands a kiosque known as the *Chong-ga*, or bell kiosque, in which there is a huge bell, the *Inkiung*, seven feet high and ten feet in diameter, on which is sounded the curfew, night and morning, when the gates are closed and opened, and which serves to warn the Coreans, as it has done from the olden time, to quit the streets and repair to their homes. A wooden ram, suspended by chains from the rafters above, is used by the bellmen, with notes of their own composition. The office of bellman is honorable and remunerative, and the occupants of the post, for there are several, are appointed from the King's household.

The European colony of Seoûl, including the representatives of the powers, diplomatic and consular, and the American missionaries, Methodist and Presbyterian, number perhaps one hundred. These latter, aided by doctors both male and female, have opened schools of chemistry and medicine, and have each in their respective fields accomplished such results as to have elicited the confidence and esteem of all, and the government itself has placed the Presbyterian school under its special patronage, and has given the rank of Champan and a decoration to the gentleman charged with its direction.

When night falls upon Seoûl, fires are lit in the kans of the fifty thousand or more huts, with their numerous kans, which compose the city. These kans are flues constructed under each room, to which fuel-wood or pine-top branches are applied in an exterior fireplace. The chimney is constructed so as to emit the smoke into the street, rendering the passageways both painful and injurious to the lungs and eyes of the *passants*.

Night in Seoûl is sinister and sad. The bell-toll of *Chong-ga*, and the ear-rasping, weird notes of an instrument called *cho*, painfully like the bagpipe, announce the closing of the gates. The lights on the mountain-tops flash out their signals of retreat, and man and dog have gone to cover. Woman, so goes the tradition, may come out and enjoy at this hour the exclusive privilege which is said to belong to her sex. I have not seen them—only a few kan-kiln-dried old women, *voilà tout*. A dome of darkness formed by the ever-overhanging clouds of smoke broods, like the silence of the tomb, over the deserted city. Seoûl is now wrapped in somnolence, if not in the inebriating embrace of *sul*, the intoxicating beverage to which the Corean is much addicted. It matters not; it is the reign of *Somnos* or of *Sul*—it is silence. To the "stranger within her gates," a looker on this silent, almost sepulchral scene, it brings a feeling of inexpressible sadness, and a peculiar sense of appreciation of the lines by TENNYSON:

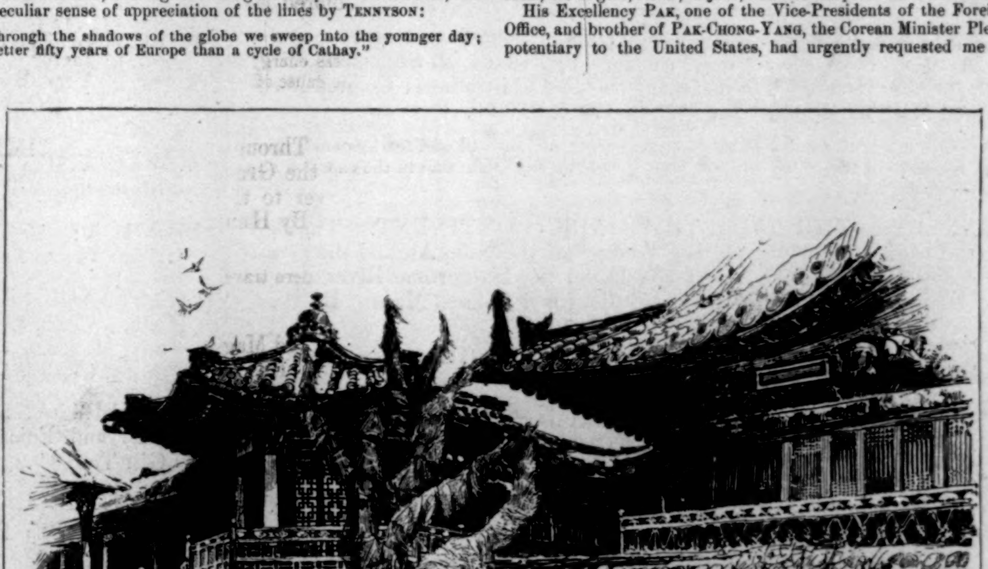
"Through the shadows of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

V.

On the 16th of November I received the following invitation from His Excellency SHIM-YI-TAK, President of H. C. Majesty's Home Office, by request of his Majesty, that he would be pleased to receive me in audience on the following day, on the occasion of exchanging congratulations on the convalescence of the Queen-mother. His Majesty's invitation was as follows:

A visit to the palace, of course, requires that one should go in a sedan-chair, any other mode being considered quite *infra dig.* Court etiquette exacts that the chair must be left at the second gate of the palace court-yard, and, conforming to this custom, the United States Minister Resident and myself were obliged to walk a considerable distance through a throng of civilians, military officers, and soldiers before we finally reached the antechamber of the audience hall. The day was cold and disagreeable, and the thin-paper room which served as a common reception-room was chilly and uncomfortable. To make amends for this, the Master of Ceremonies regaled us with cigars, beer, and champagne during the three long hours which intervened before his Majesty announced to the officers in waiting his pleasure to receive. Whilst waiting my turn in the order of seniority, I had ample time to closely scan and note the court dress in which all courtiers and officials must appear at court. It is the same for all ranks—Ministers, *Pansas, Champans*, or *Chamweis*, including the Chusas—and the distinction may be remarked only in the buttons worn behind the ear and attached to the hat, and which, according to rank, are of gold, silver, or jade, and also the plastrons on the tunic.

His Excellency PAK, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Foreign Office, and brother of PAK-CHONG-YANG, the Corean Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, had urgently requested me to



AUDIENCE HALL OF THE SUMMER PALACE.